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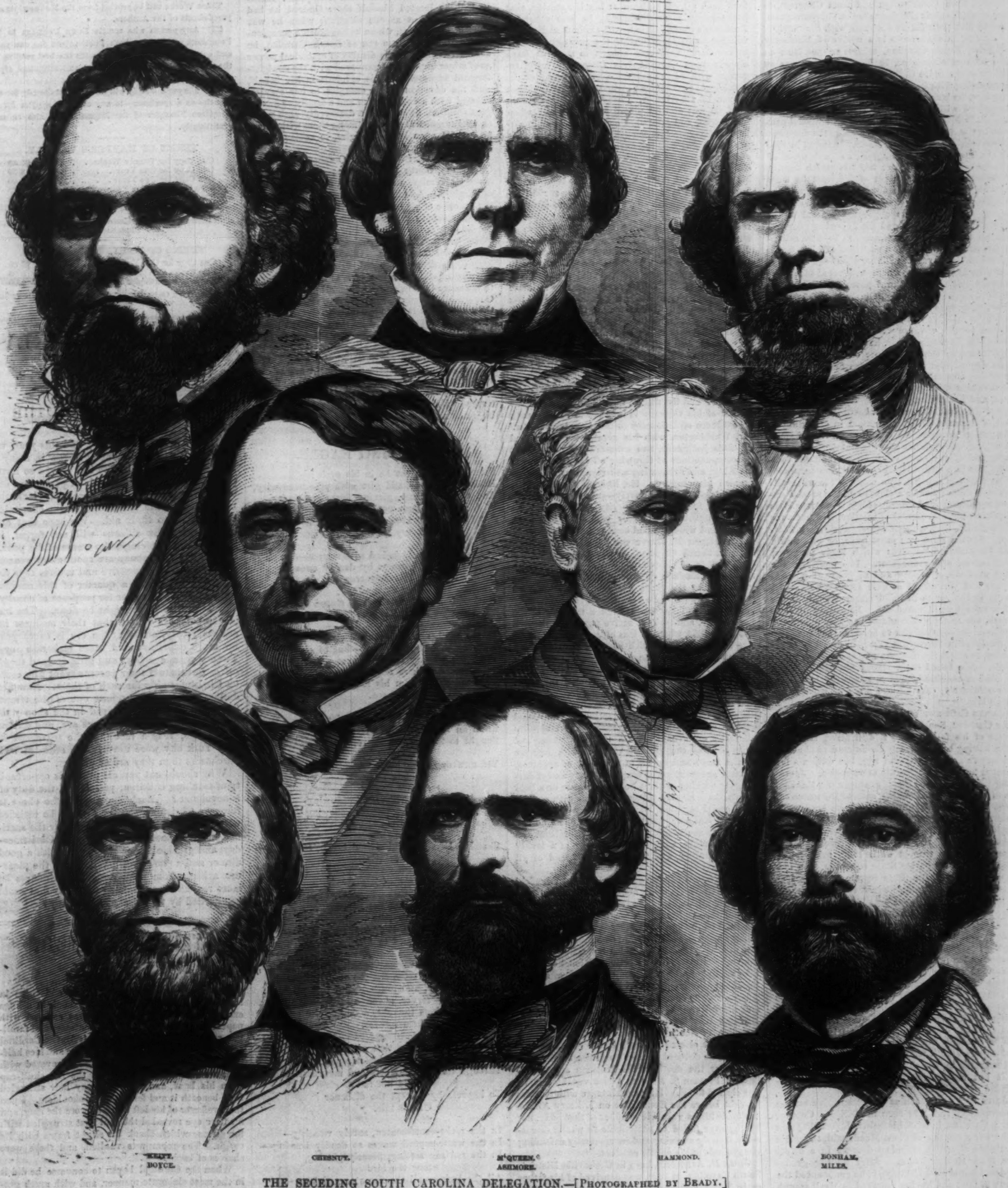
KEITT.
BOYCE.
CHESNUT.
M'QUEEN.
ASHMORE.
HAMMOND.
BONHAM.
MILES.

THE SECEDING SOUTH CAROLINA DELEGATION.—[Photographed by Brady.]

THE SECEDING SOUTH CAROLINA DELEGATION.

WE give on the preceding page portraits of the gentlemen originally accredited to the present Congress of the United States, as Senators and Representatives, from the State of South Carolina. The Senators did not take their seats at the commencement of this, the second session; those Representatives who were elected members of the State Convention withdrew to attend its session, and when the news reaches Washington that the State has formally seceded from the Union the other gentlemen will retire from the capitol. Personally, as well as politically, this exodus from the national halls of legislation will be felt; for although some of the Palmetto delegation have at times used harsh words in debate, they leave no enemies behind them. Gallant gentlemen, with high endowments, manly attributes, and an integrity upon which suspicion has never even dared to glance, they carry with them kind wishes and sincere regrets, even of those who go so far as to believe that "secession is treason." Worthy successors of Calhoun, and Hayne, and M'Duffie, and Butler, and others who have in former years occupied the chairs now, or soon to be vacated, they turn from Presidents and parties, from Constitution and from Congress, to acknowledge their allegiance to the Palmetto State, and to link their future destinies with her destiny.

JAMES H. HAMMOND is a native of Newberry District, South Carolina, where he was born on the 15th of November, 1807. His father was an officer of the State College, into which he entered, graduating with high honors in 1827. After studying law, he was admitted to the bar, at which he practiced with success, although he became more generally known as the writer of all editorial articles in the *Southern Times* advocating the doctrines expounded by John C. Calhoun. Elected in 1835 to the Twenty-fourth Congress, he gave proof of the most brilliant talents; but his health became enfeebled, and at the close of his term he went abroad, where he had an opportunity to study the workings of foreign governments. On his return home, in 1841, he was appointed general of the South Carolina troops, and the following year was elected Governor of the State. In 1844 he retired to his noble estate known as "Redcliffe," a fertile island in the Savannah River, about six miles below Augusta, Georgia, where he devoted himself to literary and to agricultural pursuits. His letters to the English abolitionist, Clarkson, published in 1848, were extensively circulated, and his experiments in marling land, deep plowing, the cultivation of sorgho, etc., are well known to agriculturists. In November, 1857, he was called from his retirement by the Legislature of South Carolina, who elected him a United States Senator, and on receiving the telegraphic announcement, he sent as a return message—"I am grateful, I will accept, and I will do my duty." Appointed a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs, he has been one of the most diligent Senators in attending to the public business, and has shown a liberal spirit in urging appropriations for the maintenance of our navy and of our navy-yards on a creditable footing. He is a firm believer in the Southern doctrine that—to use his own words—"in all social systems there must be a class to do the menial duties, to perform the drudgery of life. That is, a class requiring but a low order of intellect and but very little skill. Its requisites are vigor, docility, fidelity. Such a class you must have, or you would not have that other class which leads progress, civilization, and refinement. It constitutes the very mud-sill of society and of political government; and you might as well attempt to build a house in the air as to build either the one or the other except on this mud-sill. Fortunately for the South, she found a race adapted to that purpose to her hand—a race inferior to her own, but eminently qualified in temper, in vigor, in docility, in capacity, to stand the climate, to answer all her purposes. She found them slaves 'by the common consent of mankind,' which, according to Cicero, '*lex natura est;*' the highest proof of what is nature's law."

JAMES CHESNUT was born about the year 1815, near Camden, South Carolina, at "Mulberry," the estate of his father, who is still alive, and who, after having been a strong Union man until nearly threescore and ten years of age, has within a few months become an advocate of secession. James, after having received the advantages of a thorough classical academic education, entered Princeton college, where, at a Commencement, he became acquainted with his lady, who is a Philadelphian by birth. In 1842 he was elected a member of the lower branch of the State Legislature, and continued to serve therein until 1852, taking high ground against separate State secession. In 1854 he was elected to the State Senate from the Kershaw district, as the candidate of those who desired to reform the "parish system;" but in the following year he became convinced that the time-honored system was the correct one, and tendered his resignation, which his constituents refused to accept. Re-elected in 1856, he succeeded Governor Alston as the presiding officer of the Senate, and continued in the chair until—in 1858—he was chosen to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Judge Evans, United States Senator, and was subsequently elected to fill that position for the ensuing term. Naturally of a fiery temperament and chivalric disposition, he has disciplined himself to act with the calm dignity of a statesman, and enjoys a high reputation for the accuracy of his information, the cogency of his logic, his energetic but unambitious eloquence, and his high-minded patriotism.

JOHN M'QUEEN, senior Representative on the Congressional roll, was born in Robinson County, North Carolina, in 1808, his father, James M'Queen (who was a nephew of Flora Macdonald, the guide of Prince Charlie), claiming descent in a direct line from Robert Bruce. After having graduated at Chapel Hill University, he commenced the study of law, and having removed to Marlborough Court House, South Carolina, was there admitted to the bar, and has since enjoyed a lucrative practice. Espousing the nullification doctrines, he was elected a Colonel of the State Volunteers in 1833, at time of a general armament, and rose to the rank of Major-General in 1835. In 1844 he became a candidate for Congress in opposition to Colonel Alexander D. Sims, but was defeated three successive times, after which he was elected, taking his seat in the House in 1849. Since then he has been successively re-elected, and is one of the ablest as well as one of the oldest of the Representatives. Politics are with him a matter of duty to his State, not a labor of love—a serious reality, not a mere pastime. Attentive to his duties, he never hesitates to express his opinions, giving utterance to the real sentiments of his mind—the unbiased conclusions suggested by his long experience as a Representative of South Carolina. Twice married, he has twice been made a happy father, and highly esteemed by his numerous acquaintances as a gallant, hospitable type of the "citizen soldier."

WILLIAM PORCHER MILES, the accomplished Representative from his native city of Charleston, is one of those who have "greatness thrust upon them;" of Huguenot descent, he is identified with the patrician families of the Palmetto State, and took such a high position at her University, that immediately after graduating he was offered a Professor's chair. His heroic exploits at Norfolk, whither he hastened during the prevalence of the yellow fever, to devote himself to the sick, have already been chronicled in *Harper's Weekly*, together with his successful administration of the municipal government, when afterward chosen Mayor of Charleston. Elected to Congress in 1857, he was at first placed on the Committee on Commerce, and afterward on that on Foreign Affairs. His speeches, always on questions above the partisan-politics of the day, have been the theme of high encomium, and are models of congressional eloquence. Year after year, too, has he warned his colleagues that South Carolina has been becoming more and more alienated from her ancient attachment to the Union; more and more familiarized with the idea of dissolution; more and more reconciled to the necessity of reconstructing or of abolishing the General Government. Early in the debate on the admission of Kansas Mr. Miles asked of the House, in debate: "Can any thing be more natural than that the South should begin to look about her; to count up her resources; to estimate her strength; to measure her capacity for taking care of herself, and of assuming, if driven out of this Confederacy, an independent position among the nations? Can she be reasonably blamed for doing so? And yet, whenever she looks this last contingency—certainly not an improbable one—calmly and boldly in the face, and begins to discuss it in its great and leading aspects, her ears are forthwith stunned with the cry of 'treason!' 'treason!' and the august and mighty shade of the Father of his Country is invoked to rebuke such an evidence of disloyalty to this 'glorious Union.' Sir, Washington, with his great, wise heart, and cautious judgment, and conservative nature, felt no compunctions at throwing off his allegiance to his King, and subverting a Government which oppressed his country. He, like all true patriots, loved his people more dearly—prized more highly their happiness and prosperity—than the mere form of government under which he had been reared, and which he had been taught to revere."

LAWRENCE M. KEITT was born in Orangeburg District, South Carolina, on the 27th of October, 1828, and is of German descent. He received a thorough classical education, and after having graduated at the State University, in 1843, with the highest honors, he commenced the practice of law. In 1848 he was elected a member of the Legislature, and took an active part in State politics until 1853, when he was elected a Representative in Congress, of which body he has since been a member, except when he resigned in company with his friend the late Preston S. Brooks, to be immediately returned by an immense majority. As an orator, he has created more decided sensation than any one now a M.C., having a pyrotechnic style, rich in versatility, startling paradox, and copious expression. His speeches are melo-dramatically effective, made up of the entrances and exits of ideas, that sparkle vividly while they are on the stage and go off in a tumult of applause, leaving an intoxicating sense of beauty and of daring, yet nothing distinct but a metaphor or a bold antithesis. Highly polished by education and refined social attrition, he possesses a winning affability of manners, and the chivalric champion of his State's sovereignty, is the happy husband of a most charming wife, the fond father of a lovely young daughter, and the esteemed friend of all who know him.

MILLEDGE L. BONHAM was born in Edgefield District, South Carolina, and is a descendant of the Butler family, which has given so many noble sons to the Palmetto State. After receiving a thorough classical education, he graduated at the State University in 1834, and afterward commenced the practice of law. He had a decided taste, however, for martial exercises, and was elected colonel of a cavalry regiment, defeating James L. Orr, afterward Speaker of the House. Raised to the rank of Major-general, he devoted much time to the inspection and disciplining of his division, and during the Mexican War he took the field at the head of a battalion of South Carolina troops. On his return he was elected Solicitor of the Southern Circuit, and he devoted himself to professional duties until after the death of his kinsman and friend, Colonel Preston S. Brooks, whose vacant seat he was elected to fill. His acquaintance with matters brought before the Committee on Military Affairs has made him a valuable member of that body, nor has he ever failed to participate in public discussions, frankly avowing and energetically defending the grounds of his public conduct.

JOHN D. ASHMORE, born in Greenville District, South Carolina, in 1820, was deprived of his father early in life, and was forced by reverses of fortune to labor on his mother's farm for maintenance. With her fostering care, he managed, however, to acquire the rudiments of an education, and went when a youth to Sumpter District, where he was a clerk in a store, then a school-teacher, and then a practicing lawyer, qualifying himself for each position as he advanced. Preferring rural life, he afterward established himself as a planter with decided success, and after holding commissions in the State volunteers, he was elected to the State Legislature in 1848, and served until chosen Controller-General of the State in 1854. This, in South Carolina, is a position of high responsibility, as the incumbent has not only to attend to the collection and disbursement of the revenue, but likewise to examine the monthly reports of banking and other corporations, whose solvency is thus verified for the public good. It will be seen that this requires a comprehensive knowledge of business affairs, united with habits of close application; and it is said that so satisfactorily were the multiform duties performed by Colonel Ashmore, that during the four years' period of his service not an error, either of statement or of calculation, was found on his books. In 1857 he left his plantation in Sumpter County, owing to the ill health of his family there, and returned to his birth-place. Hardly had he located himself there (indeed he had never voted but at one election) when he was elected to Congress, where he has taken a conspicuous position. A true son of South Carolina, he evidently considers the display of oratorical power as of minor importance compared with the straightforward expression of his opinions in her behalf, and the devotion of his energies to her service. Blessed with a devoted wife and a family of intelligent children, he occupies a deservedly high social as well as political position among those with whom he entered upon life's struggles, to achieve high, yet merited success.

WILLIAM W. BOYCE, born October 24, 1819, at Charleston, South Carolina was educated at the State University, and afterward at the University of Virginia. Admitted to the bar, he commenced the practice of his profession with success, and was in 1842 elected a member of the State Legislature, but he took no decided stand in politics until 1851, when he was foremost among those opposed to separate State secession. Chosen a member of the May Convention, composed of delegates elected at primary meetings, he was earnest in his resistance to the secessionists, and subsequently, in a letter to Governor Richardson, the presiding officer, he took the ground that it was not a deliberative assembly, but that it was controlled by the dominant party. In 1853 he was elected a Representative to Congress, where he has given repeated proofs of his high abilities and profound attainments. Few gentlemen on the American continent are as well versed in political economy, or as diligent students, as Mr. Boyce; while to powers of mind highly cultivated by study he unites oratorical talents of a high order.

THE DYING EAGLE.

SICK and sullen sat he in his eyrie:
Rock-bound 'twas, and girt with pine-trees wiry,
And the sun-flames, glaring fierce and fiery,
Came not there;
Far below the waves dashed, white with fury,
Every where.

He, with pinions blanched with sorrow—drooping,
Sought him not success by deadly swooping
On his enemies, in safety trooping
Near at hand;
But, with head bent forward, stared he ever
At the sand.

In the sand, ah, me! though changing ever—
Forming thoughts in atoms—but to sever
From them every oracle forever—
There read he
This sad story, from his lonely eyrie
By the sea.

How a fertile seed—a contribution
From an age of wicked persecution—
Sought to fashion out its retribution
From a soil
Yet unwrought by human hands, untouched by
Human Toil.

How another age had seen it growing—
Ripening by past experience—showing
Others all the life from it outflowing
To the end;
Showing how the soul should break, if need be,
But not bend.

How, again, successful, it grew daring—
Time's hard burdens chafing at—while bearing,
Till at last, of conflict not bewaring,
Bolder still,
Hewing out a path, it took the place 'twas
Formed to fill.

Time rolled on: by heavenly sunbeams lighted,
Two twin trees, from out the seed benighted,
Had grown up, and mutual faith had plighted.
Never, never
Should a jealous thought, a doubt, e'er sever
Them forever.

Then another scene: that after ages,
Tracing in their time's historic pages,
Through its shameful acts and mournful stages,
Should not fail
To impress by precept the dishonor
Of the tale.

In the rocks—surf-beaten, surely wearing—
In the white-capped waves so deadly bearing—
In the red sun setting, fiercely glaring,
Saw the bird
All the horror—all the fierce convulsion
There he heard.

By the feud of father, son, and brother—
By the broken heart of wife and mother—
By the bond of union, and that other
Bond of blood,
Broken now—he knew, and fell forever
Where he stood.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
AND
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that *Harper's Magazine* for the ensuing year will contain new Stories

By Thackeray and the Author of "Adam Bede;"

and that in Number 204 (Nov. 24) of *Harper's Weekly* a new Novel by CHARLES DICKENS, entitled

GREAT EXPECTATIONS,

was commenced. Mr. Dickens's Tale will be richly illustrated by JOHN M'LENAN, Esq.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1860.

THE CHARITIES OF THE SEASON.

CHRISTMAS is upon us; and this year, we fear, it will be a scene of sorrow in many a household. Political strife has proved so hurtful to business that thousands of people are out of employment, and will absolutely lack the necessaries of life this winter, if the charitable do not come to their aid. We hope that our benevolent fellow-citizens will not forget, in their holiday rejoicings, the wants of the poor.

Vast sums of money are spent every year in the purchase of expensive and useless toys for children; if half, or a quarter of this amount were set apart this year for purposes of charity, a great deal of good might be done. The importers of toys report that their business increases yearly, and that the cry is every year for more expensive and more elaborate toys. Twenty years ago boys and girls deemed themselves fortunate if their parents spent fifty cents on Christmas gifts for each of them. Now five dollars will hardly purchase one of the tempting toys which are displayed in the shop windows. And hard as the times are, and dull as is business, it is a fact that the toy-shops in New York city were never more crowded with purchasers than they are at present.

Why should not parents take this opportunity of teaching children, practically, the duty of benevolence? Each boy or girl who chose to forego a Christmas gift, or even to be satisfied with one of moderate cost, might, by the sacrifice, make a poor family happy on Christmas-day, and provide five or six persons with a good dinner and a good fire. Would not the pleasure arising from such an act of kindness be more real and more lasting than any that could be afforded by the possession of a toy?

THE LOUNGER.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

THE scene suddenly drew apart, and there in his library sat Cardinal Richelieu, sunk in a huge easy-chair by the table, which was covered with papers. The friar Joseph, his confessor and familiar, stood at hand. It was precisely the Cardinal as one fancies him. His scarlet robe and lace half-skirt (what is the name of it?) were covered with a flowered wrapper. He had the red skull-cap upon his head, and the long gray hair struggled from beneath it and fell upon his shoulders. Upon the forefinger of his left hand he wore the ring, and his fiery eye revealed the soul that struggled with the disease which shook his slight frame with its cough. The room was vaulted, and there were shelves of books.

When the Cardinal began to converse he did it in the most elaborate manner, and with much gesture. The spell of his appearance was a little disturbed by the speech; for while he looked Richelieu he talked Bulwer. As he went on there was an incessant play of the features, and the continued movement of the arms, showing that the Cardinal was a very nervous man. He intoned rather than spoke what he had to say. The ear was a little wearied by the extreme daintiness of the pronunciation. But when De Mauprat came in, there was some pleasant tongue-fence until the youth was led off to happiness. Later, when the Cardinal is alone in his chamber at midnight, and De Mauprat bursts in and is conquered by the old minister's self-possession, he tells the youth how he has done, and what he has done for France. But after the declamation is over, one asks himself, "Is that the way in which Cardinal Richelieu talks to a single auditor?"

During the following scenes in the garden of the palace, the contrast between the utter prostration of the old man, and the fury with which he turns upon Barradas and threatens to launch the curse of the Church, is very great and sudden. So at the close, when he has resigned his office and asks a boon in vain, the exhaustion of the body subdues for a while the fire of the soul; but it flames out again upon the return of the packet, and the mature vigor of the man reasserts its influence as the great Cardinal is withdrawn from sight.

Somehow he has not impressed you as the man of consummate political genius you have always supposed him to be. Somehow, the Cardinal Minister of State seems to have been ranting. At times the appearance, the attitude, the voice, are all that Richelieu's may have been; then the charm is broken, and you are not held nor commanded to attend and be interested.

Well, you can not but ask yourself, as you pick your homeward way through the slop and drizzle—if you had seen an old man quietly talking and acting, as such men in such moments as those here represented generally do speak and act, would it have been a spectacle that a thousand people would pay a half dollar to see? Great men are great not by the declamation of their talk nor by the picturesqueness of situations and vehement movement. They are great by invisible means. Visibly they are ordinary men; and hence the proverb that no man is a hero to his valet. It means that the valet is not apt to see him in the heroics.

Do you understand that we are speaking of Edwin Booth as Richelieu; and that, too, after seeing him but once? It is true that the talk is Bulwer's trituration of the minister. It is Armand de Richelieu Bulwerised, and that is something like the old Greek *Phedre, à la* Racine. But if you remember, Rachel gave the Greek, not the French, Phedre. Does Booth give the historical or the Bulwerian Richelieu? In impression, I mean, of course, because the words must be the author's. Then, too, with such people to support him!

If you look closely, dear critic, you will find, after all your sharp and skeptical things are said, that this is a man of great promise. He is not yet great. He is not yet perfectly sure of himself. He even tripped in the text once; only once—yes, and he was brave enough to correct himself—that is to say, to teach himself; and the young actor who will do that may do any thing. When, with more experience, he shall dare to delineate great men as great men historically are, and not as they traditionally are in the theatre—when he shall dare to trust to the absolute severity and simplicity of nature, as he does fully in parts even now—and all this he is the man to do—then the performance will be as fine as the promise, and the greatness of Booth's father shall be rivaled and surpassed only by the greatness of Booth's son.

ROMANCE IN REALITY.

The essential romance of Garibaldi's character has been often enough observed by those who narrowly watch his career; but a recent incident in his life, if it be true, is one of the most touching and beautiful in modern history. It may not be true, but it ought to be. It would hardly be possible in England or France or America, but in Italy, where romance survives and people are not ashamed of it, it is not necessarily impossible.

Then again if it be not true, the readiness with which we all believe it might be, is another light upon our real estimate of the men who lead the great Italian movement of the hour. There are a great many men of whom the world does not naturally believe what is picturesque or poetic, however it may respect them. Lord Pam., for instance, could not easily be conceived as the hero of a romance; no, nor even his friend Louis Napoleon. On the other hand, Kossuth might be, and Mazzini. Lamartine would belong rather to the department of melodrama than romance.

The story of which we are speaking is of the return of Garibaldi to his island of Caprera. The island is small and rugged, and Garibaldi has lived there in the simplest and roughest manner. But upon his recent return to it after parting with King Victor Emanuel at Naples, a parting which was said to have been for some reasons not altogether friendly, he stepped ashore to resume his rough life in his partially tilled and primitive farm, when a kind magician seemed to have been before him.

Pleasant and well made roads and paths instead of the old ways; cultivated fields instead of the half wilderness; fences in place of thickets, and a neat, simple, graceful villa instead of the old cabin, saluted his wondering eyes. But passing through the miraculous change into the villa, he found its rooms suitably and amply furnished, and upon the parlor wall a portrait of the King with the legend upon the frame, "Victor Emanuel to his friend Garibaldi."

Is it not a pretty story, and ought it not to be true? Yes, and might it not easily be true from what we know of the two men? Certainly, as we were saying last week of the heroism and suffering of the brave sailors upon the lakes, there is really no need of going beyond the newspapers for tales of the great and beautiful qualities that make the epics of the world.

A STATUE.

Of all the handsome cities that cluster about the great lakes Cleveland is, for some reasons, the prettiest of all. It was long ago called the Forest City, from the multitude of beautiful trees that shade its streets; and from its commanding bluff it looks across the little Erie ocean, which dashes along the shore with the fury of the Mediterranean. Its broad streets, and stately buildings, and quietly-busy aspect, impart a peculiar elegance to Cleveland which the hurrying traveler hardly expects to find. And as he lounges along the main thoroughfare he emerges upon a public square, upon which stand the new Post-office and the County Court building, the latter of which is one of the neatest and most symmetrical public buildings which a Lounger sees in much wandering.

As he strolls through the square he observes that the grass is in the condition of the grass on the Battery in the city of New York—grass *in posse*, perhaps, certainly not *in esse;* but the trees are so many, and so luxuriantly clothed with leaves in summer, that he may justly excuse the grass for losing heart in the shade, and giving up all idea of growing. There is perhaps a covered booth, or platform, for political speeches; but as the Lounger idly regards it, he suddenly remembers, and, in fragments, mentally exclaims: "Cleveland!—Lake Erie!—Bless my soul!—Commodore Perry!—Platform!—Bancroft!—Oration!" and lo! before him, raised at a modest height above the ground, stands upon its pedestal Walcott's statue of Perry.

If the Lounger happen to be a Rhode Islander he looks at the statue with a peculiar interest, recalling the house upon the Parade in Newport, where Perry lived; and then looking toward the lake, where Perry became immortal. It is highly probable that he will look in the wrong direction, and away from the lake; for nothing is more natural then to suppose that the broad street down which the figure gazes leads straight to the water. So it does, but not exactly to the lake.

"Why," said the Lounger, speaking under this delusion—"why does he look toward the lake, and point away from it? He ought to look toward the city, and point to the lake."

"It is precisely what he is doing," replied the citizen of Cleveland.

And he then explained that the broad street is really parallel with the lake shore; and that the figure which points sideways down another wide street is really pointing to the water.

The reader will remember that, at the time of the anniversary of the battle of Lake Erie, in September, there was a picture of the statue published in *Harper's Weekly*. It is a figure full of animation and action. The naval costume of the time is represented, and the Commander stands in the moment of victory—the moment when the words he afterward uttered became true—"We have met the enemy, and they are ours." There is great spirit in the attitude and action. The face is according to the handsome portraits of the brave man. Inevitably as you look at it you are reminded of the days which made the glory of the country, and you dream of a better national glory achieved by more peaceful means.

Then your eye wanders toward the lake. You do not see it, but you see the sky coming down to the very edge of the street below which you know the great sea stretches away. The smoke of the battle has blown over, long years ago. The roar and struggle are quiet now. And in his hand, as he looks and muses, the Lounger perhaps holds a newspaper which tells of the happy return of a Prince of Wales from a tour in a foreign land which his ancestors fought as a foe, but which has welcomed and honored him as a friend. The smoke of the old battle seems in that moment to rise and brighten into a halo—the roar dies into fraternal music; and as the stars come out and shine upon the statue, the Lounger wonders when nations will see before what they always see afterward, and forget the arbitrament of war.

ANOTHER!

It is a question whether man may not be defined as an animal that runs things into the ground. And if the student were to decide by the late history of periodical literature in England, there could be no possible doubt of an affirmative reply. English literary men are ceasing, as it were, to be authors, and are becoming editors. To be sure editors are usually authors, but the distinction is sufficiently appreciable.

The old magazines in England apparently perished of a simultaneous atrophy. They "kind o' gin eout." The spirit of the literature of the day was quite beyond them, and very different. Dickens is the representative of that spirit, and nothing could be more widely separated from the regular old jog-trot of the English literature of a lighter kind than the tone of his books. Theodore Hook, for instance, was the very antipodes in tone, spirit, and sympathy, of Charles Dickens.

The *Household Words* was, in periodical literature, inspired by the same difference. It was graver and more didactic than the tone of the stories, because it was addressed to a different purpose and audience. But it had the same kind of significance and earnestness. It took the field while the older magazines were still in possession, but it saw their rapid dwindling and decay. Then came its own sudden demise, occasioned by circumstances entirely beyond its skill of management or its success. When it revived again in *All the Year Round*, it revived with a host of neighbors and rivals, all children of the same spirit: *The Cornhill, Once a Week, MacMillan's, The Welcome Guest*, etc., and now we are to have *Temple Bar*, edited by G. A. Sala.

Mr. Sala is known by "Due North," a lively and capital story of Russian travel; by his papers in the old *Household Words* and *Illustrated News;* and a novel called "Baddington Peerage," of no great popularity or value. In the *Cornhill*, under Thackeray's management, he has been writing a series of careful and interesting articles upon Hogarth. During their publication one of the London correspondents of the New York *Times*, who is understood to be Mr. Edmund Yates, the gentleman whose personal criticism of Thackeray occasioned the row in the Garrick Club in London, two or three years ago, and who is fond of representing Thackeray as an insolent literary dictator, has hinted that trouble was brewing, and that the *Cornhill* would soon find a rival in the field. His hints are now justified, and *Temple Bar* throws down the gauntlet to *Cornhill*.

Meanwhile the public does not lose. The sharp competition furnishes a feast by which the readers are to profit; and they may be sure that the same care which culls all the choicest morsels in advance from the others will not overlook the new dish. And it is a care which culls in concert with the givers of the feast, by an express understanding.

THE ARTISTS' FUND.

Go to the rooms of the National Academy in Tenth Street, near Broadway, and see the charming collection of pictures contributed by the artists to the "fund." Go especially on the 22d of December to buy some one of the works, that it may remind not only your friends of your superior taste, but yourself of your charity. It is a pretty lottery, where you can buy a ticket which is sure of a prize; yes, and you may select the prize beforehand.

There are plenty of pictures to look at in the city. The Jarves collection, and the Dusseldorf, and the Bryan. Then "the greatest painting ever exhibited in America," "Wertmuller's original and matchless painting entitled 'Danae.'" This must be correct, for the Lounger copies it *verbatim* from the circular advertisement. If the painting is as highly colored as the advertisement, it is a very extraordinary work. This is the way in which the pure pigment is smutched on:

> "Wertmuller was engaged on this picture two years. The great object in view appears to have been to have painted at Paris a picture that would rival the productions of Titian, and other great masters. Wertmuller, the court painter, was selected as fully competent. A fable in heathen mythology was chosen as better calculated than any other to draw out the splendid genius of the master, and illustrate the wonderful beauty of Nature's fairest handiwork, the human form. The ablest art-critics and anatomists of Paris were, during the progress of the work, his constant visitors and advisers. Three of the most beautiful ladies of the Court of Louis XVI. sat to him. The head is said to be quite an exact copy of a Flemish Countess, distinguished for remarkable personal loveliness and great mental acquirements. In all probability no painting has ever attracted the attention of art-critics and anatomists more than this picture, and they have universally admitted, without exception, that they have not been able to detect a fault in its composition."

There is also the American and Foreign Gallery of Paintings, at which Page's "Moses on Horeb," Rossiter's "Noah, Miriam, and Jeremiah," and Thorpe's "Niagara," are to be seen. The only way is to go and see them all, and especially to buy a picture at the Artists' Fund sale on the 22d December.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The following quaint lyric, which has obviously been parodied in one of our most popular songs, suggests a pretty picture of a gallant of the period of Henry the Sixth casting sheep's-eyes at his sweet-heart, and affords some indication that the finery of the women did not find much favor in the eyesight of the men:

"When first I saw sweete Meggie,
'Twas on a Sonne dys daye,
At Church shee satt in a steeple hatte,
Ye gayest of ye gaye;
Shee wore a gowne ye furredde,
More gaudy far than nete,
And ye skirte as long as a woman's tongue,
In ye dirte trailed at her fete,
And she wore a grete steple hatt,
Which ye little boys poke fun att,
Crying 'Crikie! my eye! Lookee 'ere at ye Guye
In ye belltoppere Steple Hatte!'"

A Jesuit's Bark.—The Superior of the Jesuits (though any honest man is entitled to that name) has published a furious protest against the Order being expelled from Italy. He tells King Victor Emanuel that in the event of the Jesuit petition being rejected on earth, the Superior will address it to a Higher Tribunal. We are inclined, considering the wickedness of the sect and the insolence of the man, to wish that he may get into the hands of the King, and that the latter may give him an early opportunity of presenting his appeal in person.

POPE NAPOLEON.

Remember, remember, the Man of December,
Coup d'état, stratagem, plot;
There's very good reason why, just at this season,
He never should be forgot.

With Red men outrageous, and growing contagious,
He seized on the sceptre, to cope:
'Tis said that, to quiet the Priests running riot,
Now the Emperor means to be Pope.

That point our Eighth Harry was able to carry,
When need and occasion concurred;
He knocked the Priests under, in spite of Rome's thunder,
And so may Napoleon the Third.

Proud clergy to trample King Harry's example
May lead him, so far as to chop
Off their alien head, just to reign in its stead,
But there let us hope he will stop.

A Fair Return.—Every effort is being made at the present day by the men to enlarge the sphere of woman's employment. If woman is only commonly grateful, the very least she ought to do in return would be to diminish the sphere of her dress.

THE LUXURY OF LIBERTY.

Bosom Friend. "Well, dear, now that you are a widow, tell me are you any the happier for it?"

Interesting Widow. "Oh no! But I have my freedom, and that's a great comfort. Do you know, my dear, I had an onion yesterday for the first time these fourteen years!"

Abernethy used to tell his pupils that all human diseases sprang from two causes, *stuffing* and *fretting*.

HUMORS OF CENSUS-TAKING.

A widow, having four children, was called upon to give the names and ages of her children, as well as her own age, and in answering the following scene ensued:

Census-taker. "Now Ma'am, I have your name, please tell me your age?"

Lady. "I am 35 years of age."

Census-taker. "What is the age of your eldest daughter?"

Lady. "She is 28 years old."

Census-taker. "How old were you when she was born?"

Lady (*very crusty*). "I was 22 years old."

Census-taker. "Then, Madam, that will make you 50 years."

Lady. "I don't care, I am only 35."

And to this she stuck, at the same time telling the census-taker that he "had no right to ask such impertinent questions."

"I say, Pat, what are you about—sweeping out the room?"—"No," answered Pat, "I am sweeping out the dirt, and leaving the room."

The Rev. Rowland Hill used to ride a great deal, and by exercise preserved vigorous health. On one occasion, when asked by a medical friend what physician and apothecary he employed, he replied, "My physician has always been a horse, and my apothecary an ass."

A gentleman, passing across the play-ground of a public school, was affronted by the boys, and was advised to complain to the principal, which he did thus: "I have been abused by some rascals of this place, and I came to acquaint you of it, as I understand you are the principal."

The customers of a certain cooper caused him a vast deal of vexation by their saving habits and persistence in getting all their old tubs and casks repaired, and buying but little new work. "I stood it, however," said he, "until one day old Sam Crabtree brought in an old 'bung hole,' to which he said he wanted a new barrel made. Then I quitted the business in disgust."

"Why, you rascal," said Dr. Radcliffe, the great physician, to a pavior, who dunned him, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work."—"Doctor," said the pavior, "mine is not the only bad work the earth hides."—"You dog, you," said Dr. Radcliffe, "you are a wit. You must be poor; come in, and you shall be paid."

When the celebrated Viotti (the father of modern violin-playing), then residing in London, turned wine merchant, a young nobleman, one of his numerous admirers, accosted him somewhat angrily, thus: "Signor Viotti, how could you, an artist of such high standing, degrade yourself by becoming a trafficker in wine?"—"My dear Sir," Viotti replied, "simply because I find that the English like wine better than music."

During a rehearsal, Braham said to Tom Cooke, who was the conductor: "Now, Tom, keep the piano quiet here, because just at this part, to give effect, I intend dropping my voice."—"Do you? By the powers," said Tom, "whereabouts?—for it's just the sort of voice I should like to pick up."

A clergyman, happening to get wet, was standing before the session-room fire to dry his clothes, and when his colleague came in, he asked him to preach for him, as he was very wet. "No, Sir, I thank you," was the prompt reply, "preach yourself; you will be dry enough in the pulpit."

EARLY RISING.

"He who will thrive must rise at five." So says the proverb, though there is more rhyme than reason in it; for if—

He who would thrive must rise at five,

It must follow *a fortiori*,

He who'd thrive more must rise at four;

and it will insure a *fortissimo*, that

He who'd still more thriving be
Must leave his bed at turn of three;
And who this latter would outdo,
Will rouse him at the stroke of two;

and, by way of climax to the whole, it should hold good that

Who would never be outdone,
Must ever rise as soon as one.

But the best illustration would be thus—

He who'd flourish best of all,
Should never go to bed at all.

How many sleeves has a coat of arms?

A young lady, a native of Sydney, being asked if she should like to go to Britain, answered, that she should like to see it, but not to live in it. On being pressed for her reason, she replied "that, from the great number of bad people sent out from thence, it must, surely, be a very wicked place to live in!"

A WOUNDED SPIRIT.

Medical Man. "Come, come, my dear Madam, there is evidently something wrong; make a confidant of me."

Blighted Bride. "Well, doctor, it was always my great ambition (*sob*) to be the wife of a (*sob*) draper, and now I have thrown myself away upon a hardware (*sob*) dealer; and although the dear fellow is as kind as he can be (*sob*), and brings me home any quantity of scissors, and files, and door-knobs, and things, yet what are these to the (*sob*) wounded spirit that expected oceans of brocade and point lace?" (*Sob, sob, sob.*)

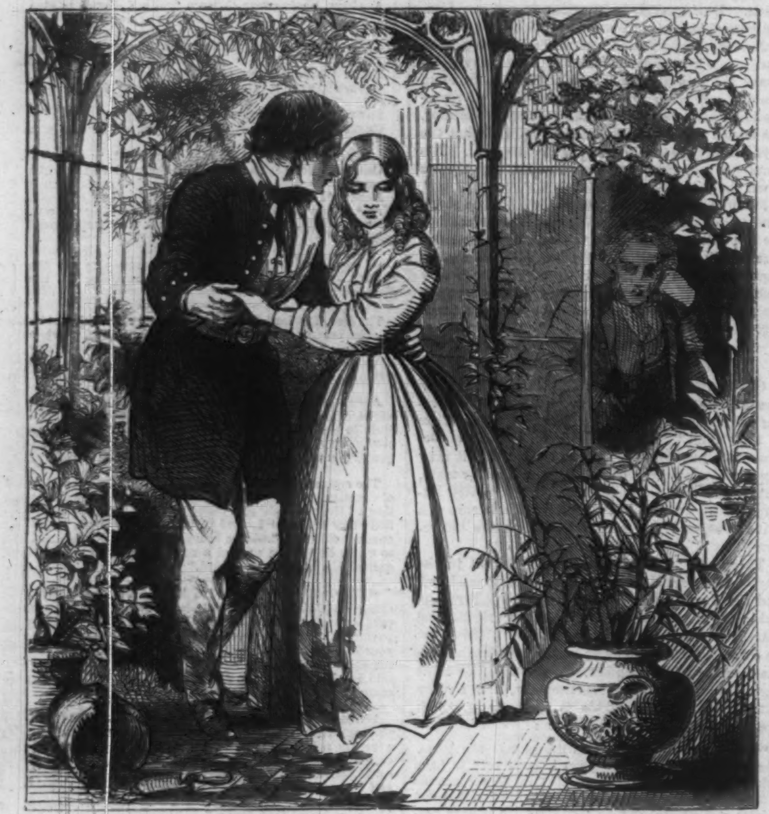
Advice on Marriage.—Never marry an undertaker's daughter, unless you wish to undertake to raise a hearseute family; nor a miller's daughter, unless she is the flour of the family. Nor pay your addresses to the daughter of a lawyer, for fear her existence may be brief. If you must choose between a doctor's or a banker's daughter, take the latter, for her drafts are more easily swallowed. Nor should you wed a nobleman's daughter, for her "offense is rank;" nor yet a gardener's daughter, lest she should take to a rake. Avoid marrying a drowned sailor's daughter, for she will have an aversion to water; neither condole with a shoemaker's girl, for she'll wish you waxing near your end for your all. If you marry a blue-stocking, you will go with holes in your own. You can not marry a baker's daughter, for she will not be of the upper crust, and of course is ill-bred. If you care to marry, marry some woman whose father was hung. Then you need not use a rope's end to her, for she will remember the paternal application. Pick a sexton's daughter, for she will be of a grave turn of mind, and experienced in epitaphs suitable for a bereaved family, which is a convenient thing to have in the house.

Ideas of Comfort.—Some people's notions of comfort differ from those of others. Mr. Mathews once went over Warwick Jail, and when he came to "the place of execution," he observed to the jailer, that, considering the extent of the county, and the number of executions which might take place, the drop struck him as being very small. "I don't know," said the man: "to be zure, six 'ould be crowded, but foive 'ould hang very comfortable!"

A good many years ago a Massachusetts man was elected to the office of Lieutenant-Governor. When the fact of his election was announced, he was called upon for a speech. He proceeded to acknowledge the honor in very handsome terms, and added that he had no doubt he should make a good Lieutenant-Governor, as that was the office he had always held in his own house.

Miss Mary. "Now, Harry, if you are a doctor, you must prescribe for me. I've a very bad pain about my heart. What can I take?"

Dr. Harry (*thinking this the best opportunity he has had*). "I've no doubt as to what is the best remedy to take—you'd better take me!"



WON.

A START—a pause—a flutter and a sigh,
A voice that trembles in the common greeting;
The hurried clasp of an unsteady hand,
That once was frankly offered at your meeting.

I saw you, little Annie—yes, I know,
He's Charlie's friend, just landed from Bengal,
He's very fond of Charlie, ah! and so
He staid till last at Charlie's sister's ball.

You danced eight times together—am I right
"He's such a perfect waltzer"—nothing more?
You met a week ago this very night,
And I have—known you all your lifetime o'er!

Forgive me that I played the list'ner, dear,
And heard him win your love, among your flowers;
You had forgotten I was prisoned here,
A poor lone cripple all these festive hours.

He's very winsome, honest-eyed, and tall,
The cross for valor's roll contains his story.
On my pain-stricken brow no wreath will fall,
I reap in Life's grim battle all but glory.

Dearie, don't kneel, and hide those kind gray eyes,
I am not grieving, look me in the face.
Why, who am I, that I should claim the prize,
Who never could have started in the race?

He's waiting for you, Annie—leave me now
Alone with what must be a happy past.
A brother's kiss I claim upon your brow,
God bless you, Annie! 'tis my first—and last.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. PUMBLECHOOK'S premises in the High Street of the market town were of a peppercorny and farinaceous character, as the premises of a corn-chandler and seedsman should be. It appeared to me that he must be a very happy man indeed to have so many little drawers in his shop; and I wondered when I peeped into one or two on the lower tiers, and saw the tied-up brown paper packets inside, whether the flower-seeds and bulbs ever wanted of a fine day to break out of those jails and bloom.

It was in the early morning after my arrival that I entertained this speculation. On the previous night I had been sent straight to bed in an attic with a sloping roof, which was so low in the corner where the bedstead was that I calculated the tiles as being within a foot of my eyebrows. In the same early morning I discovered a singular affinity between seeds and corduroys. Mr. Pumblechook wore corduroys, and so did his shopman; and somehow there was a general air and flavor about the corduroys, so much in the nature of seeds, and a general air and flavor about the seeds, so much in the nature of corduroys, that I hardly knew which was which. The same opportunity served me for noticing that Mr. Pumblechook appeared to conduct his business by looking across the street at the saddler, who appeared to transact *his* business by keeping his eye on the coachmaker, who appeared to get on in life by putting his hands in his pockets and contemplating the baker, who in his turn folded his arms and stared at the grocer, who stood at his door and yawned at the chemist. The watchmaker, always poring over a little desk with a magnifying glass at his eye, and always inspected by a group in smock-frocks poring over him through the glass of his shop-window, seemed to be about the only person in the High Street whose trade engaged his attention.

Mr. Pumblechook and I breakfasted at eight o'clock in the parlor behind the shop, while the shopman took his mug of tea and hunch of bread-and-butter on a sack of pease in the front premises. I considered Mr. Pumblechook wretched company. Besides being possessed by my sister's idea that a mortifying and penitential character ought to be imparted to my diet—besides giving me as much crumb as possible in combination with as little butter, and putting such a quantity of warm water into my milk that it would have been more candid to have left the milk out altogether—his conversation consisted of nothing but arithmetic. On my politely bidding him Good-morning, he said, pompously, "Seven times nine, boy!" And how should *I* be able to answer, dodged in that way, in a strange place, on an empty stomach! I was hungry, but before I had swallowed a morsel he began a running sum that lasted all through the breakfast. "Seven?" "And four?" "And eight?" "And six?" "And two?" "And ten?" And so on. And after each figure was disposed of, it was as much as I could do to get a bite or a sup before the next came; while he sat at his ease guessing nothing and eating bacon and hot roll in (if I may be allowed the expression) a gorging and gormandizing manner.

For such reasons I was very glad when ten o'clock came and we started for Miss Havisham's; though I was not at all at my ease regarding the manner in which I should acquaint myself under that lady's roof. Within a quarter of an hour we came to Miss Havisham's house, which was of old brick, and dismal, and had a great many iron bars to it. Some of the windows had been walled up; of those that remained all the lower were rustily barred. There was a court-yard in front, and that was barred; so we had to wait, after ringing the bell, until some one should come to open it. While we waited at the gate I peeped in (even then Mr. Pumblechook said, "And fourteen?" but I pretended not to hear him), and saw that at the side of the house there was a large brewery; no brewing was going on in it, and none seemed to have gone on for a long long time.

A window was raised, and a clear voice demanded "What name?" To which my conductor replied "Pumblechook." The voice returned "Quite right," and the window was shut again, and a young lady came across the court-yard with keys in her hand.

"This," said Mr. Pumblechook, "is Pip."

"This is Pip, is it?" returned the young lady, who was very pretty and seemed very proud; "Come in, Pip."

Mr. Pumblechook was coming in also, when she stopped him with the gate.

"Oh!" she said. "Did you wish to see Miss Havisham?"

"If Miss Havisham wishes to see me," returned Mr. Pumblechook, discomfited.

"Ah!" said the girl; "but you see she don't."

She said it so finally, and in such an undiscussible way, that Mr. Pumblechook, though in a condition of ruffled dignity, could not protest. But he eyed me severely—as if *I* had done any thing to him!—and departed with the words reproachfully delivered: "Boy! Let your behavior here be a credit unto them which brought you up by hand!" I was not free from apprehension that he would come back to propound through the gate, "And sixteen?" But he didn't.

My young conductress locked the gate, and we went across the court-yard. It was paved and clean, but grass was growing in every crevice. The brewery buildings had a little lane of communication with it, and the wooden gates of that lane stood open, and all the brewery beyond stood open, away to the high inclosing wall, and all was empty and disused. The cold wind seemed to blow colder there than outside the gate, and it made a shrill noise in howling in and out at the open sides of the brewery, like the noise of wind in the rigging of a ship at sea.

She saw me looking at it, and she said, "You could drink without hurt all the strong beer that's brewed there now, boy."

"I should think I could, miss," said I, in a shy way.

"Better not try to brew beer there now, or it would turn out sour, boy; don't you think so?"

"It looks like it, miss."

"Not that any body means to try," she added, "for that's all done with, and the place will stand as idle as it is till it falls. As to strong beer, there's enough of it in the cellars already to drown the Manor House."

"Is that the name of this house, miss?"

"One of its names, boy."

"It has more than one, then, miss?"

"One more. Its other name was Satis; which is Greek, or Latin, or Hebrew, or all three—or all one to me—for enough."

"Enough House," said I; "that's a curious name, miss."

"Yes," she replied; "but it meant more than it said. It meant, when it was given, that whoever had this house could want nothing else. They must have been easily satisfied in those days, I should think. But don't loiter, boy."

Though she called me "boy" so often, and with a carelessness that was far from complimentary, she was of about my own age—or very little older. She seemed much older than I, of course, being a girl, and beautiful and self-possessed: and she was as scornful of me as if she had been one-and-twenty, and a queen.

We went into the house by a side door—the great front entrance had two chains across it outside—and the first thing I noticed was, that the passages were all dark, and that she had left a candle burning there. She took it up, and we went through more passages and up a staircase, and still it was all dark, and only the candle lighted us.

At last we came to the door of a room, and she said, "Go in."

I answered, more in shyness than politeness, "After you, miss."

To this, she returned: "Don't be ridiculous, boy; I am not going in." And scornfully walked away, and—what was worse—took the candle with her.

This was very uncomfortable, and I was half afraid. However, the only thing to be done being to knock at the door, I knocked, and was told from within to enter. I entered, therefore, and found myself in a pretty large room well lighted with wax candles. No glimpse of daylight was to be seen in it. It was a dressing-room, as I supposed from the furniture, though much of it was of forms and uses then quite unknown to me. But prominent in it was a draped table with a gilded looking-glass, and that I made out at first sight to be a fine lady's dressing-table.

Whether I should have made out this object so soon if there had been no fine lady sitting at it I can not say. In an arm-chair, with an elbow resting on the table and her head leaning on that hand, sat the strangest lady I have ever seen, or shall ever see.

She was dressed in rich materials—satins, and lace, and silks—all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long white vail dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses, less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks, were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had but one shoe on—the other was on the table near her hand—her vail was but half arranged, her watch and chain were not put on, and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchief, and gloves, and some flowers, and a prayer-book, all confusedly heaped about the looking-glass.

It was not in the first minute that I saw all these things, though I saw more of them in the first minute than might be supposed. But I saw that every thing within my view which ought to be white had been white long ago, and had lost its lustre, and was faded and yellow. I saw that the bride within the bridal dress had withered like the dress, and like the flowers, and had no brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes. I saw that the dress had been put upon the rounded figure of a young woman, and that the figure upon which it now hung loose had shrunk to skin and bone. Once, I had been taken to see some ghastly wax-work at the Fair, representing I know not what impossible personage lying in state. Once, I had been taken to one of our old marsh churches to see a skeleton in the ashes of a rich dress that had been dug out of a vault under the church pavement. Now, wax-work and skeleton seemed to have dark eyes that moved and looked at me. I should have cried out if I could.

"Who is it?" said the lady at the table.

"Pip, ma'am."

"Pip?"

"Mr. Pumblechook's boy, ma'am. Come—to play."

"Come nearer; let me look at you. Come close."

It was when I stood before her, avoiding her eyes, that I took note of the surrounding objects in detail, and saw that her watch had stopped at twenty minutes to nine, and that a clock in the room had stopped at twenty minutes to nine.

"Look at me," said Miss Havisham. "You are not afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?"

I regret to state that I was not afraid of telling the enormous lie comprehended in the answer "No."

"Do you know what I touch here?" she said, laying her hands, one upon the other, on her left side.

"Yes, ma'am." (It made me think of the young man.)

"What do I touch?"

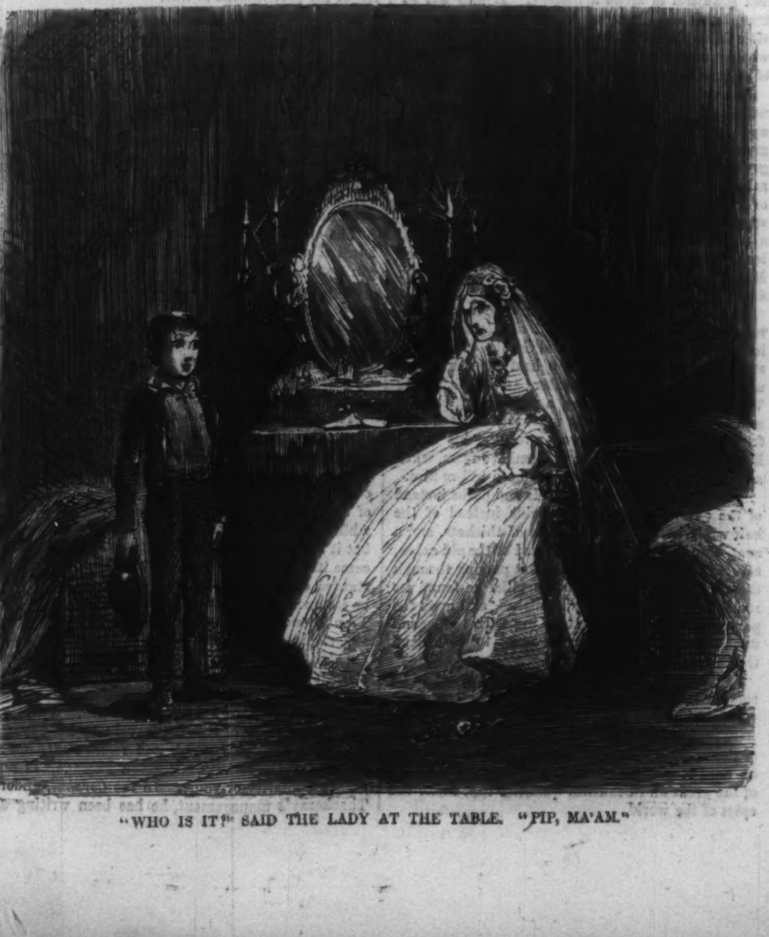
"Your heart."

"Broken!"

She uttered the word with an eager look, and with strong emphasis, and with a weird smile that had a kind of boast in it. Afterward, she kept her hands there for a little while, and slowly took them away as if they were heavy.

"I am tired," said Miss Havisham. "I want diversion, and I have done with men and women. Play."

I think it will be conceded by my most disputatious reader that she could hardly have directed an unfortunate boy to do any thing in the



"WHO IS IT?" SAID THE LADY AT THE TABLE. "PIP, MA'AM."

wide world more difficult to be done under the circumstances.

"I sometimes have sick fancies," she went on, "and I have a sick fancy that I want to see some play. There, there!" with an impatient movement of the fingers of her right hand; "play, play, play!"

For a moment, with the fear of my sister's working me before my eyes, I had a desperate idea of starting round the room in the assumed character of Mr. Pumblechook's chaise-cart. But I felt myself so unequal to the performance that I gave it up, and stood looking at Miss Havisham in what I suppose she took for a dogged manner, inasmuch as she said, when we had taken a good look at each other:

"Are you sullen and obstinate?"

"No, ma'am, I am very sorry for you, and very sorry I can't play just now. If you complain of me I shall get into trouble with my sister, so I would do it if I could; but it's so new here, and so strange, and so fine—and melancholy—" I stopped, fearing I might say too much, or had already said it, and we took another look at each other.

Before she spoke again she turned her eyes from me and looked at the dress she wore, and at the dressing-table, and finally at herself in the looking-glass.

"So new to him," she muttered, "so old to me; so strange to him, so familiar to me; so melancholy to both of us! Call Estella."

As she was still looking at the reflection of herself, I thought she was still talking to herself, and kept quiet.

"Call Estella," she repeated, flashing a look at me. "You can do that. Call Estella. At the door."

To stand in the dark in a mysterious passage of an unknown house bawling Estella to a scornful young lady neither visible nor responsive, and feeling it a dreadful liberty so to roar out her name, was almost as bad as playing to order. But she answered at last, and her light came along the long dark passage like a star.

Miss Havisham beckoned her to come close, and took up a jewel from the table, and tried its effect upon her fair young bosom and against her pretty brown hair. "Your own, one day, my dear, and you will use it well. Let me see you play cards with this boy."

"With this boy! Why, he is a common laboring boy!"

I thought I overheard Miss Havisham answer —only it seemed so unlikely—"Well? You can break his heart."

"What do you play, boy?" asked Estella of myself, with the greatest disdain.

"Nothing but beggar my neighbor, miss."

"Beggar him," said Miss Havisham to Estella. So we sat down to cards.

It was then I began to understand that every thing in the room had stopped, like the watch and the clock, a long time ago. I noticed that Miss Havisham put down the jewel exactly on the spot from which she had taken it up. As Estella dealt the cards I glanced at the dressing-table again, and saw that the shoe upon it, once white, now yellow, had never been worn. I glanced down at the foot from which the shoe was absent, and saw that the silk stocking on it, once white, now yellow, had been trodden ragged. Without this arrest of every thing, this standing still of all the pale decayed objects, not even the withered bridal dress on the collapsed form could have looked so like grave-clothes, or the long vail so like a shroud.

So she sat corpse-like, as we played at cards: the frillings and trimmings on her bridal dress looking like earthy paper, and as if they would crumble under a touch. I knew nothing then of the discoveries that are occasionally made of bodies buried in ancient times, which fall to powder in the moment of being distinctly seen; but I have often thought since that she must have looked as if the admission of the natural light of day would have struck her to dust.

"He calls the knaves Jacks, this boy!" said Estella, with disdain, before our first game was out. "And what coarse hands he has! And what thick boots!"

I had never thought of being ashamed of my hands before; but I began to consider them a very indifferent pair. Her contempt was so strong that it became infectious, and I caught it.

She won the game, and I dealt. I misdealt, as was only natural, when I knew she was lying in wait for me to do wrong, and she denounced me for a stupid, clumsy laboring boy.

"You say nothing of her," remarked Miss Havisham to me as she looked on. "She says many hard things of you, but you say nothing of her. What do you think of her?"

"I don't like to say," I stammered.

"Tell me in my ear," said Miss Havisham, bending down.

"I think she is very proud," I replied, in a whisper.

"Any thing else?"

"I think she is very pretty."

"Any thing else?"

"I think she is very insulting." (She was looking at me, then, with a look of supreme aversion.)

"Any thing else?"

"I think I should like to go home."

"And never see her again, though she is so pretty?"

"I am not sure that I shouldn't like to see her again, but I should like to go home now."

"You shall go soon," said Miss Havisham, aloud. "Play the game out."

Saving for the one weird smile at first, I should have felt almost sure that Miss Havisham's face could not smile. It had dropped into a watchful and brooding expression—most likely when all the things about her had become transfixed —and it looked as if nothing could ever lift it up any more. Her chest had dropped, so that she stooped; and her voice had dropped, so that she spoke low, and with a dead lull upon her; altogether she had the appearance of having dropped, body and soul, within and without, under the weight of a crushing blow.

I played the game to an end with Estella, and she beggared me. She threw the cards down on the table when she had won them all, as if she despised them for having been won of me.

"When shall I have you here again?" said Miss Havisham. "Let me think."

I was beginning to remind her that to-day was Wednesday, when she checked me with her former impatient movement of the fingers of her right hand.

"There, there! I know nothing of days of the week; I know nothing of weeks of the year. Come again after three days. You hear?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Estella, take him down. Let him have something to eat, and let him roam and look about him while he eats it. Go, Pip."

I followed the candle down as I had followed the candle up, and she stood it in the place where we had found it. Until she opened the side entrance I had fancied, without thinking about it, that it must necessarily be night time. The rush of the daylight quite confounded me, and made me feel as if I had been in the candlelight of the strange room many hours.

"You are to wait here, you boy," said Estella, and disappeared and closed the door.

I took the opportunity of being alone in the court-yard to look at my coarse hands and my common boots. My opinion of those accessories was not favorable. They had never troubled me before, but they troubled me now, as vulgar appendages. I determined to ask Joe why he had ever taught me to call those picture-cards Jacks which ought to be called knaves. I wished Joe had been rather more genteelly brought up, and then I should have been so too.

She came back with some bread and meat and a little mug of beer. She put the mug down on the stones of the yard, and gave me the bread and meat without looking at me, as insolently as if I were a dog. I was so humiliated, hurt, spurned, offended, angry, sorry—I can not hit upon the right name for the smart—God knows what its name was—that tears started to my eyes. The moment they sprang there the girl looked at me with a quick delight in having been the cause of them. It gave me power to force them back and to look at her; so she gave a contemptuous toss—but with a sense, I thought, of having made too sure that I was so wounded—and left me.

But when she was gone I looked about me for a place to hide my face in, and got behind one of the gates in the brewery-lane, and leaned my sleeve against the wall there, and leaned my forehead on it and cried. As I cried I kicked the wall and took a hard twist at my hair; so bitter were my feelings, and so sharp was the smart without a name, that needed counteraction.

My sister's bringing up had made me sensitive. In the little world in which children have their existence, whosoever brings them up, I am convinced there is nothing so finely perceived and so finely felt as injustice. It may be only small injustice that the child can be exposed to; but the child is small, and its world is small, and its rocking-horse stands as many hands high, according to scale, as a big-boned Irish hunter. Within myself I had sustained from my babyhood a perpetual conflict with injustice. I had known from the time when I could speak that my sister, in her capricious and violent coercion, was unjust to me. I had cherished a profound conviction that her bringing me up by hand gave her no right to bring me up by jerks. Through all my punishments, disgraces, fasts, and vigils, and other penitential performances, I had nursed this assurance; and to my communing so much with it, in a solitary and unprotected way, I, in great part, refer the fact that I was morally timid and very sensitive.

I got rid of my injured feelings for the time by kicking them into the brewery wall, and twisting them out of my hair, and then I smoothed my face with my sleeve and came from behind the gate. The bread and meat were acceptable, and the beer was warming and tingling, and I was soon in spirits to look about me.

To be sure it was a deserted place, down to the pigeon-house in the brewery-yard, which had been blown crooked on its pole by some high wind, and would have made the pigeons think themselves at sea, if there had been any pigeons there to be rocked by it. But there were no pigeons in the dove-cot, no horses in the stable, no pigs in the sty, no malt in the storehouse, no smells of grains and beer in the copper or the vat. All the uses and scents of the brewery might have evaporated with its last reek of smoke. In a by-yard there was a wilderness of empty casks, which had a certain sour remembrance of better days lingering about them; but it was too sour to be accepted as a sample of the beer that was gone—and in this respect I remember those recluses as being like most others.

Behind the farthest end of the brewery was a rank garden with an old red wall: not so high but that I could struggle up and hold on long enough to look over it, and see that the rank garden was the garden of the house, and that it was overgrown with tangled weeds, but that there was a track upon the green and yellow paths, as if some one sometimes walked there, and that Estella was walking away from me even then. But she seemed to be every where. For when I yielded to the temptation presented by the casks, and began to walk on them, I saw *her* walking on them at the end of the yard of casks. She had her back to me, and held her pretty brown hair spread out in her two hands, and never looked round, and passed out of my view directly. So in the brewery itself—by which I mean the large paved lofty place in which they used to make the beer, and where the brewing utensils still were. When I first went into it, and, rather oppressed by its gloom, stood near the door looking about me, I saw her pass among the extinguished fires, and ascend some light iron stairs, and go out by an iron gallery high overhead, as if she were going out into the sky.

It was in this place, and at this moment, that a strange thing happened to my fancy. I thought it a strange thing then, and I thought it stranger long afterward. I turned my eyes —a little dimmed by looking up at the frosty light—toward a great wooden beam in a low nook of the building near me on my right hand, and I saw a figure hanging there by the neck. A figure all in yellow white, with but one shoe to the feet; and it hung so that I could see that the faded trimmings of the dress were like earthy paper, and that the face was Miss Havisham's with the eyes open, and with a movement going over the whole countenance as if she were trying to call to me. In the terror of seeing the figure, and in the terror of being certain that it had not been there a moment before, I at first ran from it, and then ran toward it. And my terror was greatest of all when I found no figure there.

Nothing less than the frosty light of the cheerful sky, the sight of people passing beyond the bars of the court-yard gate, and the reviving influence of the rest of the bread and meat and beer, would have brought me round. Even with those aids I might not have come to myself as soon as I did, but that I saw Estella approaching with the keys to let me out. She would have some fair reason for looking down upon me, I thought, if she saw me frightened; and she should have no fair reason.

She gave me a triumphant glance in passing me, as if she rejoiced that my hands were so coarse and my boots were so thick, and she opened the gate and stood holding it. I was passing out without looking at her, when she touched me with a taunting hand.

"Why don't you cry?" said she.

"Because I don't want to," said I.

"You do," said she. "You have been crying, and you are near crying again."

She laughed contemptuously, pushed me out, and locked the gate upon me. I went straight to Mr. Pumblechook's, and was immensely relieved to find him not at home. So, leaving word with the shopman on what day I was wanted at Miss Havisham's again, I set off on the four-mile walk to our forge; pondering, as I went along, on all I had seen, and deeply revolving that I was a common laboring boy, that my hands were coarse, that my boots were thick, that I had fallen into a despicable habit of calling knaves Jacks, that I was much more ignorant than I had considered myself last night, and, on the whole, that I was in a low-lived bad way.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

I COULD not hear the loud and repeated knockings which were made at my door, as at first waiters, and then the landlord himself, endeavored to gain admittance. At length a ladder was placed at the window, and a courageous individual, duly armed, appeared at my casement and summoned me to surrender. With what unspeakable relief did I learn that it was not to apprehend or arrest me that all these measures were taken; they were simply the promptings of a graceful benevolence, a sort of rumored intimation having got about that I had taken prussic acid, or was being done to death by charcoal. Imagine a prisoner in a condemned cell suddenly awakened, and hearing that the crowd around him consisted not of the ordinary, the sheriff, Mr. Calcraft and Co., but a deputation of respectable citizens come to offer the representation of their borough or a piece of plate, and then you can have a mild conception of the pleasant revulsion of my feelings. I thanked my public in a short but appropriate address. I assured them, although there was a popular prejudice about doing this sort of thing in November in England, that it was deemed quite unseasonable at other times, and that really in these days of domestic arsenic and conjugal strychnine, nothing but an unreasonable impatience would make a man self-destructive—suicide arguing that as man was really so utterly valueless it was worth nobody's while to get rid of him. My explanation over, I ordered breakfast.

"Why not dinner?" said the waiter. "It is close on four o'clock."

"No," said I; "the ladies will expect me at dinner."

"The ladies are near Constance by this, or else the roads are worse than we thought them."

"Near Constance! Do you mean to say they have gone?"

"Yes, Sir, at daybreak; or, indeed, I might say before daybreak."

"Gone! actually gone?" was all that I could utter.

"They never went to bed last night, Sir; the old lady was taken very ill after tea, and all the house running here and there for doctors and remedies, and the young lady, though she bore up so well, they tell me she fainted when she was alone in her own room. In fact, it was a piece of confusion and trouble until they started, and, we may say, none of us had a moment's peace till we saw them off."

"And how came it that I was never called?"

"I believe, Sir, but I'm not sure, the landlord tried to awake you. At all events, he has a note for you now, for I saw the old lady place it in his hand."

"Fetch it at once," said I; and when he left the room I threw some water over my face and tried to rally all my faculties to meet the occasion.

When the waiter reappeared with the note I bade him leave it on the table; I could not venture to read it while he was in the room. At length he went away, and I opened it. These were the contents:

> "SIR,—When a personage of your rank abuses the privilege of his station, it is supposed that he means to rebuke. Although innocent of any cause for your displeasure, I have preferred to withdraw myself from your notice than incur the chance of so severe a reprimand a second time.
>
> "I am, Sir, with unfeigned sorrow and humility, your most devoted follower and servant,
>
> "MARTHA KEATES.
>
> "To the —— de ——."

This was the whole of it; not a great deal as correspondence, but matter enough for much thought and much misery. After a long and painful review of my conduct, one startling fact stood prominently forward, which was, that I had done something which, had it been the act of a royal prince, would yet have been unpardonable, but which, if known to emanate from one such as myself, would have been a downright outrage.

I went into the whole case as a man who detests figures might have gone into a long and complicated account; and just as he would skip small sums, and pay little heed to fractions, I aimed at arriving at some grand solid balance for or against myself.

I felt that if asked to produce my books they might run this wise: Potts, on the credit side, a philanthropist, self-denying, generous, and trustful; one eager to do good, thinking no evil of his neighbor, hopeful of every body, anxious to establish that brotherhood among men which, however varied the station, could and ought to subsist, and which needs but the connecting link of one sympathetic existence to establish. On the other side, Potts, I grieve to say, appeared that which Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was said to be.

When I had rallied a bit from the stunning effect of this disagreeable "total," I began to wish that I had somebody to argue the matter out with me. The way I would put my case would be thus: "Has not—from the time of Quintus Curtius down to the late Mr. Sadlier, of banking celebrity—the sacrifice of one man for the benefit of his fellows been recognized as the noblest exposition of heroism? Now, although it is much to give up life for the advantage of others, it is far more to surrender one's identity, to abandon that grand capital Ego! which gives a man his self-esteem and suggests his self-preservation. And who, I would ask, does this so thoroughly as the man who everlastingly palms himself upon the world for that which he is not? According to the greatest happiness principle, this man may be a real boon to humanity. He feeds this one with hope, the other with flattery; he bestows courage on the weak, confidence on the wavering. The rich man can give of his abundance; but it is out of his very poverty this poor fellow has to bestow all. Like the spider, he has to weave his web for his own vitals, and like the same spider he may be swept away by some pretentious affectation of propriety."

While I thus argued the waiter came in to serve dinner. It looked all appetizing and nice, but I could not touch a morsel. I was sick at heart; Kate Herbert's last look as she quitted the room was ever before me. Those dark gray eyes—which you stupid folk will go on calling blue—have a sort of reproachful power in them very remarkable. They don't flash out in anger like black eyes, or sparkle in fierceness like hazel; but they emit a sort of steady, fixed, concentrated light that seems to imply that they have looked thoroughly into you, and come back very sad and very sorry for the inquiry. I thought of the happy days I had passed beside her; I recalled her low and gentle voice, her sweet half-sad smile, and her playful laugh, and I said, "Have I lost all these forever, and how? What stupid folly possessed me last evening? How could I have been so idiotic as not to see that I was committing the rankest of all enormities? How should I, in my insignificance, dare to assail the barriers and defenses which civilization has established, and guards among its best prerogatives? Was this old buffoon, was this piece of tawdry fringe and spangles, a fitting company for that fair and gentle girl? How artistically false, too, was the position I had taken. Interweaving into my ideal life these coarse realities was the same sort of outrage as shocks one in some of the Venetian churches, where a lovely Madonna, the work of a great hand, may be seen bedizened and disfigured with precious stones over her drapery. In this was I violating the whole poetry of my existence. These figures were as much out of keeping as would be a couple of Ostade's Boors in a grand Scripture piece by Domenichino.

"And yet, Potts," thought I, "they were *really* living creatures. They had the hearts for joy and sorrow and hope and the rest of it. They were pilgrims traveling the self-same road as you were. They were not illusions, but flesh and blood folk, that would shiver when cold, and die of hunger if starved. Were they not then, as such, of more account than all your mere imaginings? would not the least of their daily miseries outweigh a whole bushel of fancied sorrow? and is it not a poor selfishness on your part, when you deem some airy conception of your brain of more account than that poor old man and that dark-eyed girl. Last of all, are they not, in all their rugged finery, more 'really true men' than you yourself, Potts, living in a maze of delusions? They only act when the saw-dust is raked and the lamps are lighted; but you are 'en scène' from dawn to dark, and only lay down one motley to don another. Is not this wretched? Is it not ignoble? In all these changes of character how much of the real man will be left behind? Will there be one morsel of honest flesh when all the lacquer of paint is washed off? And was it—oh, was it for this you first adventured out on the wide ocean of life?"

I passed the evening and a great part of the night in such self-accusings, and then I addressed myself to action. I bethought me of my future and what and where and how it might be passed. The bag of money intrusted to me by the minister to pay the charges of the road was hanging where I had placed it—on the curtain-holder. I opened it and found a hundred and forty gold Napoleons, and some ten or twelve pounds in silver. I next set to count over my own especial hoard; it was a fraction under a thousand francs. Forty pounds was truly a very small sum wherewith to confront a world to which I brought not any art, or trade, or means of livelihood; I say forty, because I had not the shadow of a pretext for touching the other sum, and I resolved at once to transmit it to the owner. Now, what could be done with so humble a capital? I had heard of a great general who once pawned a valuable sword—a sword of honor it was—wherewith to buy a horse, and so mounted, he went forth over the Alps and conquered a kingdom. The story had no moral for me, and somehow I did not feel as though I were the stuff that conquers kingdoms, and yet there must surely be a vast number of men in life with about the same sort of faculties, merits, and demerits as I have. There must be a numerous Potts family in every land, well-meaning, right-intentioned, worthless creatures, who, out of a supposed willingness to do any thing, always end by doing nothing. Such people, it must be inferred, live upon what are called their wits, or, in other words, trade upon the daily accidents of life, and the use to which they can turn the traits of those they meet with.

I was resolved not to descend to this; no, I had determined to say adieu to all masquerading, and be simply Potts, the druggist's son, one who had once dreamed of great ambitions, but had taken the wrong road to them. I would, from this hour, be an honest, truth-speaking, simple-hearted creature. What the world might henceforth accord me of its sympathy should be tendered on honest grounds; nay, more, in the spirit of those devotees who inspire themselves with piety by privations, I resolved on a course of self-mortification, I would not rest till I had made my former self expiate all the vainglorious wantonness of the past, and pay in severe penance for every transgression I had committed. I began boldly with my reformation. I sat down and wrote thus:

"*To Mr. Dycer, Stephen's Green, Dublin.*

"The gentleman who took away a dun pony from your livery stables in the month of ——— last, and who, from certain circumstances, has not been able to restore the animal, sends herewith twenty pounds as his probable value. If Mr. D. conscientiously considers the sum insufficient, the sender will at some future time, he hopes, make good the difference."

Doubtless my esteemed reader will say, at this place, "The fellow couldn't do less; he need not vaunt himself on a commonplace act of honesty, which, after all, might have been suggested by certain fears of future consequences. His indiscretion amounted to horse-stealing, and horse-stealing is a felony."

All true, every word of it, most upright of judges; I was simply doing what I ought, or rather what I ought long since to have done. But now, let me ask, is this, after all, the invariable course in life, and is there no merit in doing what one ought when every temptation points to the other direction? and lastly, is it nothing to do what a man ought when the doing costs exactly the half of all he has in the world?

Now, if I were, instead of being Potts, a certain great writer that we all know and delight in, I would improve the occasion here by asking my reader, does he always himself do the right thing? I would say to him, perhaps with all haste to anticipate his answer, Of course you do. You never pinch your children, or kick your wife out of bed; you are a model father and a churchwarden; but I am only a poor apothecary's son, brought up in precepts of thrift and the Dublin Pharmacopœia; and I own to you, when I placed the half of my twenty-pound crisp clean bank-note inside of that letter, I felt I was figuratively cutting myself in two. But I did it like a man, if that be a proper phrase for an act which I thought godlike. And oh, take my word for it, when a sacrifice hasn't cost you a coach-load of regrets, and a shopful of hesitations about making it, it is of little worth. There's a wide difference between the gift of a sheep from an Australian farmer or the present of a child's pet lamb, even though the sheep be twice the size of the other.

I gave myself no small praise for what I had done, much figurative patting on the back, and a vast deal of that very ambiguous consolation which beggars in Catholic countries bestow in change for alms by assurances that it will be remembered to you in Purgatory.

"Well," thought I, "the occasion isn't very far off, for my Purgatory begins to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXIX.

I was in a tourist locality, and easily provided myself with a light equipment for the road, resolved at once to take the foot-path in life and "seek my fortune." I use these words simply as the expression of the utter uncertainty which prevailed as to whither I should go, and what do when I got there.

If there be few more joyous things in life than to start off on foot with three or four choice companions, to ramble through some fine country, rich in scenery, varied in character and interesting in story, there are few more lonely sensations than to set out by one's self, not very decided what way to take, and with very little money to take it.

One of the most grievous features of small means is, certainly, the almost exclusive occupation it gives the mind as to every, even the most trivial, incident that involves cost. Instead of dining on fish and fowl and fruit, you feel eating so many groschen and kreutzers. You are *not* drinking wine, your beverage is a solution of copper batzen in vinegar! When you poke the fire every spark that flies up the chimney is a baiocco! You come at last to suspect that the sun won't warm you for nothing, and that the very breeze that cooled your brow is only waiting round the corner to ask "for something for himself."

When the rich man lives sparingly, the conscious power of the wealth he might employ if he pleased sustains him. The poor fellow has no such consolation to fall back on; the closer his coat is examined the more threadbare will it appear. If it were simply that he dressed humbly and fared coarsely, it might be borne well; but it is the hourly depreciation that poverty is exposed to makes its true grievance. "An ill-looking"—this means, generally, ill-dressed—"an ill-looking fellow had been seen about the premises at nightfall," says the police report. "A very suspicious character had asked for a bed; his wardrobe was a spotted handkerchief. The waiter remembers that a fellow, much travel-stained and weary, stopped at the door that evening and asked if there was any cheap house of entertainment in the village." Heaven help the poor wayfarer if any one has been robbed, any house broken into, any rick set fire to, while he passed through that locality. There is no need of a crowd of witnesses to convict him, since every dinge in his hat, every tear in his coat, and every rent in his shoes are evidence against him.

If I thought over these things in sorrow and humiliation, it was in a very proud spirit that I called to mind how, on that same morning, I deposited the bag with all the money in Messrs. Haben's bank, saw the contents duly counted over, replaced and sealed up, and then addressed to Her Majesty's Minister at Kalbbratenstadt, taking a receipt for the same. "This was only just common honesty," says the reader. Oh, if there is an absurd collocation of words, it is that! Common honesty! why, there is nothing in this world so perfectly, so totally uncommon! Never, I beseech you, undervalue the waiter who restores the ring you dropped in the coffee-room, nor hold him cheaply who gives back the umbrella you left in the cab. These seem such easy things to do, but they are not easy. Men are more or less Cornish wreckers in life, and very apt to regard the lost article as a treasure-trove. I have said all this to you, amiable reader, that you may know what it cost me, on that same morning, not to be a rogue, and not to enrich myself with the goods of another.

I underwent a very long and searching self-examination to ascertain why it was I had not appropriated that bag, an offense which, legally speaking, would only amount to a breach of trust. I said, "Is it that you had no need of the money, Potts? Did you feel that your own means were ample enough? Was it that your philosophy had made you regard gold as mere dross, and then think that the load was a burden? Or, taking higher ground, had you recalled the first teachings of your venerable parent, that good man and careful apothecary, who had given you your first perceptions of right and wrong?" I fear that I was obliged to say No, in turn, to each of these queries. I would have been very glad to be right, proud to have been a philosopher, overjoyed to feel myself swayed by moral motives, but I could not palm the imposition on my conscience, and had honestly to own that the real reason of my conduct was—I was in love! There was the whole of it!

There was an old sultan once so impressed with an ill notion of the sex that whenever a tale of misfortune or disgrace reached him, his only inquiry as to the source of the evil was, Who was she? Now, my experiences of life have traveled in another direction, and whenever I read of some noble piece of heroism, or some daring act of self-devotion, I don't ask whether he got the Bath or the Victoria Cross, if he were made a governor here, or a vice-governor there, but who was she that prompted this glorious deed? I'd like to know all about her: the color of her eyes, her hair; was she slender or plump, was she fiery or gentle; was it an old attachment or an acute attack coming after a paroxysm at first sight?

If I were the great chief of some great public department where all my subordinates were obliged to give heavy security for their honesty, I would neither ask for bailbonds or sureties; but I'd say, "Have you got a wife or a sweetheart? either will do. Let me look at her. If she be worthy an honest man's love, I am satisfied; mount your high stool and write away."

Oh, how I longed to stand aright in that dear girl's eyes, that she should see me worthy of her! Had she yielded to all my wayward notions and rambling opinions, giving way either in careless indolence or out of inability to dispute them, she had never made the deep impression on my heart. It was because she had bravely asserted her own independence, never conceding where unconvinced, never yielding where unvanquished, that I loved her. What a stupid reverie was that of mine when I fancied her one of those strong-minded, determined women—a thickly-shod, umbrella-carrying female, who can travel alone and pass her trunk through a custom-house! No, she was delicate, timid, and gentle; there was no over-confidence in her, nor the slightest pretension. Rule me? not a bit of it. Guide, direct, support, confirm, sustain me; elevate my sentiments, cheer me on my road in life, making all evil odious in my eyes, and the good to seem better!

I verily believe, with such a woman, an humble condition in life offers more chances of happiness than a state of wealth and splendor. If the best prizes of life are to be picked up around a man's fireside, moderate means, conducing as they do to a home life, would point more certainly to these than all the splendor of grand receptions. If I were, say, a village doctor, a schoolmaster; if I were able to eke out subsistence in some occupation, whose pursuit might place me sufficiently favorably in her eyes. I don't like grocery, for instance, or even "dry goods," but something. It's no fault of mine if the English language be cramped and limited, and that I must employ the odious word "genteel;" but it conveys, in a fashion, all that I aim at.

I began to think how this was to be done. I might return to my own country, go back to Dublin, and become Potts and Son—at least son! A very horrid thought, and very hard to adopt!

I might take a German degree in physic, and become an English doctor, say, at Baden, Ems, Geneva, or some other resort of my countrymen on the Continent. I might give lectures, I scarcely well knew on what, still less to whom; or I could start as Professor Potts, and instruct foreigners in Shakspeare. There were at least "three courses" open to me; and to consider them the better, I filled my pipe and strolled off the high road into a shady copse of fine beech-trees, at the foot of one of which, and close to a clear little rivulet, I threw myself at full length, and thus, like Tityrus, enjoyed the leafy shade, making my meerschaum do duty for the shepherd's reed.

I had not been long thus when I heard the footsteps of some persons on the road, and shortly after, the sound discontinuing, I judged that they must have crossed into the sward beneath the wood. As I listened I detected voices, and the next moment two figures emerged from the cover and stood before me: they were Väterchen and Tintenfleck.

"Sit down," said I, pointing to each in turn to take a place at either side of me. They had, it is true, been the cause of the great calamity of my life, but in no sense was the fault theirs, and I wished to show that I was generous and open-minded. Väterchen acceded to my repeated invitation with a courteous humility, and seated himself at a little distance off; but Tintenfleck threw herself on the grass, and with such a careless "abandon," that her hair escaped from the net that held it and fell in great wavy masses across my feet.

"Ay," thought I, as I looked at the graceful outlines of her finely-shaped figure, "here is the Amaryllis come to complete the tableau; only I would wish fewer spangles and a little more simplicity."

I saw that it was necessary to reassure Väterchen as to my perfect sanity by some explanation as to my strange mode of traveling, and told him briefly, "that it was a caprice common enough with my countrymen to assume the knapsack and take the road on foot; that we fancied in this wise we obtained a nearer view of life, and at least gained companionship with many from whom the accident of station might exclude us." I said this with an artful delicacy, meant to imply that I was pointing at a very great and valuable privilege of pedestrianism.

He smiled with a sad, a very sad expression on his features, and said, "But in what wise, highly honored Sir?"—he addressed me always as Hoch Ge-ehrter Herr—"could you promise to yourself advantage from such associations as these? I can not believe you would condescend to know us simply to carry away in memory the little traits that must needs distinguish such lives as ours. I would not insult my respect for you by supposing that you come among us to note the absurd contrast between our real wretchedness and our mock gayety; and yet what else is there to gain? What can the poor mountebank teach you beyond this?"

"Much," said I, with fervor, as I grasped his hand, and shook it heartily; "much, if you only gave me this one lesson that I now listen to, and I learn that a man's heart can beat as truthfully under motley as under the embroidered coat of a minister. The man who speaks as you do can teach me much."

He gave a short but heavy sigh and turned away his head. He arose after a few minutes, and, going gently across the grass, spread his handkerchief over the head and face of the girl, who had at once fallen into a deep sleep.

"Poor thing," muttered he, "it is well she *can* sleep! She has eaten nothing to-day!"

"But, surely," said I, "there is some village or some wayside inn near this—"

"Yes, there is the Eckstein, a little public about two miles further; but we didn't care to reach it before nightfall. It is so painful to pass many hours in a place and never call for any thing; one is ill looked on, and uncomfortable from it; and as we have only what would pay for our supper and lodging, we thought we'd wear away the noon in the forest here, and arrive at the inn by close of day."

"Let me be your traveling companion for to-day," said I, "and let us push forward and have our dinner together. Yes, yes, there is far less of condescension in the offer than you suspect. I am neither great nor milor; I am one of a class like your own, Väterchen; and what I do for you to-day some one else will as probably do for me to-morrow."

Say what I could the old man would persist in believing that this was only another of those eccentricities for which Englishmen are famed; and though, with the tact of a native good-breeding, he showed no persistence in opposition, I saw plainly enough that he was unconvinced by all my arguments.

While the girl slept I asked him how he chanced upon the choice of his present mode of life, since there were many things in his tone and manner that struck me as strangely unlike what I should have ascribed to his order.

"It is a very short story," said he; "five minutes will tell it, otherwise I might scruple to impose on your patience. It was thus I became what you see me."

Short as the narrative was, I must keep it for another page.

REAL CHRISTMAS ANGELS.

I'm a very plain and homely man,
Just a leetle old or so,
And the rheumatiz troubles me, off and on,
Whether I will or no.
And so whenever that comes to pass
It drives me a most in a crase,
To think of the lots of time I lose—
The many working days.

For my old woman Meg, and I,
Agree on this, d'ye see,
That I shall be sick when she is well,
And I be well when she;
For it's little of work that she can do,
When well or ill, for bread,
Yet many a stitch her fingers take
From sunrise time till bed.

And so 'tis no disgrace to us,
With the rheumatis and all,
That sometimes Meg, for hunger's sake,
Should have to pawn her shawl.
But then 'tis woeful hard to me,
When the winter nights are cold,
For I miss the shawl on my old legs—
If the words be not too bold.

Yet Meg and I get somehow on,
For poverty isn't a crime,
And we never think nothing about it
Until it comes Christmas time.
For we have a memory, Meg and I,
Of a Christmas long ago,
When we both were strong and hearty,
And never knew want or woe.

And so it happens that Meg and I
Have been waiting in hope and fear,
To see if the Christmas coming
Will be like the one last year;
For then we were all right happy,
Meg and the neighbors and I,
And the very remembrance of it
Is enough to make one cry.

It was all on the Christmas morning,
When we hadn't a loaf of bread,
And Meg and I, to keep life in,
Were obliged to go to bed.
The shawl it was in the pawn-shop,
And we hadn't a cent—not we;
So we thought it the hardest Christmas
We ever had chanced to see.

Meg sat in the bed a sewing,
I reading the Bible to she,
When there came at the door a tapping
Like a woodpecker tapping a tree.
Meg cried for the knock to enter,
And a rosy face peeped in,
With hazel eyes and clustering curls,
White teeth and a dimpled chin.

There was sunshine in a moment
To brush away the gloom,
And a voice like an angel's whisper
Went sweetly through the room.
It said, "Accept this turkey,
Some potatoes and coal, if you please;
It is Merry Christmas-Day,
And no one must starve or freeze."

Oh! wasn't Meg up directly,
But the angel had vanished in air,
And a stout man stood with a bushel of coal,
And the turkey it lay on a chair.
And didn't we have a feast
In a good old-fashioned way;
And wasn't we warm and jollily fed
That glorious Christmas-Day!

So that is my tale all told—
A homely tale at the best—
A tale that Meg and I repeat
Each night when we go to rest.
I have heard of angels with wings,
Who noiselessly flit through the air,
But the angel of angels that we like best
Left a turkey upon the chair.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, December 10, in the Senate, after some routine business, Senator Sumner presented a petition from Thaddeus Hyatt, praying for relief for Kansas. Senator Powell's resolution for a "Crisis Committee" was called up, and remarks were made by Senators Powell, Green, Latham, Foster, Douglas, Davis, Crittenden, King, Dixon, Brown, and Mason. The Southern Senators generally were of the opinion that the Committee could do no good, though some of them agreed to vote for it. Senator King, of New York, said that secession was rebellion, and rebellion would be put down by the law.——In the House, Mr. Hawkins, of Florida, gave his reasons for refusing to serve on the Crisis Committee, which were, in a word, the proposed secession of his State. Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, and Mr. M'Clernand, of Illinois, protested against the exclusion of Northwestern Democrats from the Committee. The former took occasion to say that if it was attempted to cut off the West from the Ocean, they would cleave their way to the mouth of the Mississippi with their swords. The latter declared that he could not admit the right of secession. Mr. Sherman introduced a bill authorizing an issue of $10,000,000 Treasury notes, bearing 6 per cent. interest. Some conversation ensued between Messrs. Sherman, Houston, Crawford, and Grow, and the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, December 11, in the Senate, the House bill authorizing the issue of new Treasury notes was taken up, and, on motion of Senator Rice, was referred to the Committee on Finance. A resolution was adopted, on motion of Senator Hale, inquiring of the Committee whether the army expenses can not be curtailed. The Crisis Committee resolution being then taken up, speeches were made in favor of the Committee by Senators Bigler and Douglas, and against it by Senator Iverson. The latter took the ground that nothing but the right of expansion into the Territories will keep the South in the Union; and that, as the North will evidently not grant that, all hopes of peace are at an end. After some desultory conversation of not a very hopeful character, the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Messrs. Cobb, of Alabama, and Davis, of Mississippi, gave their reasons for serving on the Crisis Committee. The House then voted not to excuse Mr. Hawkins; and, after debate, refused also to excuse Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, and Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, who both sought to be excused. Mr. Sherman reported the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill, and moved a resolution inquiring whether the cost of the Indian Bureau can not be reduced. A petition was presented for the relief of Kansas.

On Wednesday, December 12, in the Senate, Senator Hunter, from the Committee on Finance, reported the Treasury Note Bill, with some slight amendments. After some debate, very imperfectly reported, the amount authorized to be issued was reduced to $3,000,000, and the bill passed. The Senate then took up the Crisis Committee resolutions, and a long secession speech was made by Senator Wigfall, of Texas, who was corrected once by Senator Seward for misrepresenting him.——In the House, resolutions providing for the amendment of the Constitution and the present crisis were offered by Messrs. Thayer of Massachusetts, John Cochrane of New York, Adrain of New Jersey, Morris of Pennsylvania, Stewart of Maryland, Leake of Virginia, Smith of Virginia, Jenkins of Virginia, Cox, Hutchins, and Sherman of Ohio, M'Clernand of Illinois, Noel of Missouri, and Hindman of Arkansas: all referred to the Crisis Committee. Mr. Bonham, of South Carolina, was excused from serving on the Military Committee. Mr. Sherman introduced a Deficiency Appropriation Bill.

On Thursday, December 13, in the Senate, Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, moved certain amendments to the Constitution, which were referred. The Relief Bill was received from the House with amendments, which were concurred in. The Resolutions on the State of the Union were then taken up, and Senator Wigfall concluded his speech. Adjourned till Monday.—In the House, Mr. Morris introduced a resolution expressing attachment to the Union; objected to by Mr. Curry of Alabama. The Senate amendments to the Relief Bill were taken up on motion of Mr. Sherman and concurred in. A debate arose on a motion of Mr. Haskin to have the public printing done by contract, as the printer, Ford, was absent. After remarks by Messrs. M'Clernand, Burnett, and others, the subject was postponed. Adjourned over till Monday.

THE REPUBLICAN POSITION.

In the House of Representatives, on 12th December, Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, introduced resolutions declaring that the only true and effectual remedy for the dissensions that now exist between the several States and the people thereof, is in the faithful observance by the several States and the people thereof of all the compromises of the Constitution, and of the laws made in pursuance thereof; that the Special Committee of Thirty-three be instructed to inquire whether any State or the people thereof have failed to obey and enforce the obligation imposed by the Constitution, and if so the remedy thereof, and whether any further legislation is required to secure such enforcement; that, to avoid all further controversies in regard to the several Territories of the United States, the said Committee divide the said Territories into States of a convenient size, with a view to their prompt admission into the Union on an equal footing with the original States.

THE CRISIS COMMITTEE.

The Committee of thirty-one have commenced their labors without Mr. Hawkins. Various projects and schemes have been laid before them. On 13th Mr. Dunn, of Indiana, after some discussion, brought forward the following resolution, which was accepted by Mr. Rust, who had moved another resolution:

"*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this Committee the existing discontents among the Southern people, and the growing hostility among them to the Federal Government, are greatly to be regretted, and that whether such discontents and hostility are without just cause or not, any reasonable and constitutional remedies, and additional and more specific and effectual guarantees of their peculiar rights and interests, as recognized by the Constitution, necessary to preserve the peace of the country and the perpetuation of the Union, should be promptly and cheerfully granted."

The resolution was adopted, every member present voting for it except Messrs. Adams of Massachusetts, Tappan of New Hampshire, Morse of Maine, Morrill of Vermont, Robinson of Rhode Island, Humphrey of New York, and Washburn of Wisconsin, who opposed it, and Mr. Davis of Mississippi, who refused to vote at all, giving as a reason that he viewed the resolution as a meaningless thing, intended only to quiet temporarily the Southern feeling, instead of pointing honestly to some permanent cure.

Mr. Corwin, the Chairman, submitted on Friday a proposition giving the people of a Territory the exclusive right to elect their officers and to make their own laws, subject, of course, to the Constitution of the United States. This, however, was opposed by several of the Republican members, as carrying Slavery into all the Territories under the decision in the Dred Scott Case, and, without voting on the proposition, the Committee adjourned until Monday. It is believed that a report will be made early in the coming week, probably on Tuesday.

THE RELIEF BILL.

The Relief Bill, as passed both Houses of Congress, authorizes the issue of Treasury notes for such sums as the public exigencies require, but not to exceed ten millions of dollars, of denominations of not less than fifty dollars. Such notes shall be paid and redeemed after the expiration of one year from the date of issue, to bear such rate of interest as shall be expressed thereon, at the rate of six per cent. per annum. It is provided that after the maturity of said notes the interest cease, on the expiration of sixty days' notice of readiness to redeem and pay the same, which may at any time be given by the Secretary of the Treasury in one or more newspapers at the seat of Government. The redemption and payment of the notes are to be made to the lawful holders upon their presentment at the Treasury, including principal and interest, for which the faith of the United States is solemnly pledged. The Secretary of the Treasury, with the approbation of the President, is authorized to cause such portion of the Treasury notes as may be deemed expedient to be issued in payment of warrants in favor of the public creditors or other persons lawfully entitled to payment, who may choose to receive such notes in payment at par. The Secretary of the Treasury is also authorised, with the approbation of the President, to issue notes at such rate of interest as may be offered by the lowest responsible bidders, who may agree to take the notes at par, after public advertisement, to propose to issue such notes at par to those who may offer to take the same at the lowest rate of interest, but in deciding upon those bids no fraction shall be considered which may be less than one-fourth per centum per annum, the note to be transferrable by assignment by the person to whose order the same is made payable, and received by the proper officers in the payment of all duties, taxes, public lands, and all debts of any character due at the time such notes may be offered in payment. The Secretary is further authorized to purchase the notes at par for the amount of the principal and interest due at the time of purchase, and so much of any unappropriated money in the Treasury as may be necessary for the purpose, is appropriated to the principal and interest. The power to issue and reissue notes shall cease on the 1st of January, 1863; the usual provisions are made for punishing forgery and counterfeiting. All money hereafter contracted for under the authority of the Treasury and Loan Act of June last shall be used in the redemption of the Treasury notes now outstanding and those to be issued under this act, and to replace in the Treasury any amount of said notes which shall have been paid and received for public dues, and for no other purpose.

RESIGNATION OF GENERAL CASS AND OTHERS.

General Cass, in despair at the condition of the country, has resigned his position as Secretary of State. Mr. Trescott, the Assistant Secretary, as has already been announced, resigned on Thursday; consequently the State Department is at the present time without any responsible head. A successor to General Cass has not yet been decided upon by the President, but rumor points to Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, as likely to be called upon to assume the responsibilities. It is also positively stated that Secretary Thompson will resign, probably on Monday; and it is believed that other members of the Cabinet will follow. It is even very strongly suggested that President Buchanan himself may retire, and leave the management of affairs between now and the 4th of March in the hands of Mr. Breckinridge.

WHY MR. COBB WITHDREW FROM THE CABINET.

Mr. Cobb, on resigning, addressed a letter to the President, in which he said: "My withdrawal has not been occasioned by any thing you have said or done. While differing from your Message upon some of its theoretical doctrines, as well as from the hope so earnestly expressed that the Union can yet be preserved, there was no practical result likely to follow which required me to retire from your administration. That necessity is created by what I feel it my duty to do; and the responsibility of the act, therefore, rests alone upon myself.

"To say that I regret—deeply regret—this necessity, but feebly expresses the feeling with which I pen this communication. For nearly four years I have been associated with you as one of your Cabinet officers, and during that period nothing has occurred to mar, even for a moment, our personal and official relations. In the policy and measures of your administration I have cordially concurred, and shall ever feel proud of the humble place which my name may occupy in its history. If your wise counsels and patriotic warnings had been heeded by your countrymen, the 4th of March next would have found our country happy, prosperous, and united. That it will not be so is no fault of yours.

"The evil has now passed beyond control, and must be met by each and all of us under our responsibility to God and our country. If, as I believe, history will have to record yours as the last administration of our present Union, it will also place it side by side with the purest and ablest of those that preceded it."

MANIFESTO OF THE SECEDERS.

The following manifesto has been published:

WASHINGTON, *Dec.* 13, 1860.

To our Constituents—

The argument is exhausted. All hope of relief in the Union, through the agency of committees, Congressional legislation, or constitutional amendments is extinguished, and we trust the South will not be deceived by appearances or the pretense of new guarantees. The Republicans are resolute in the purpose to grant nothing that will or ought to satisfy the South. In our judgment the honor, safety, and independence of the Southern people are to be found only in a Southern Confederacy—the inevitable result of separate State secession. That the sole and primary aim of each slaveholding State ought to be its speedy and absolute separation from an unnatural and hostile Union.

Signed by J. L. Pugh, David Clopton, Sydenham Moore, J. L. M. Curry, and J. A. Stallworth, of Alabama; Alfred Iverson, J. W. H. Underwood, L. J. Gartrell, and James Jackson (Senator Toombs is not here, but would sign), John J. Jones, and Martin J. Crawford, of Georgia; George S. Hawkins, of Florida. It is understood Mr. Yulee will sign it. T. C. Hindman, of Arkansas. Both Senators will also sign it. A. G. Brown, William Barksdale, O. R. Singleton, and Reuben Davis, of Mississippi; Burton Craige and Thomas Ruffin, of North Carolina; J. P. Benjamin and John M. Landrum, of Louisiana. Senators Slidell, Wigfall, and Hemphill, have signed it.

WHEN THE COTTON STATES WILL SECEDE.

The *Herald* says: "It is now ascertained, with a positive degree of certainty, that the following States will secede on the days named, unless they conclude to keep their Conventions in session until that of Georgia meets, which is on the 18th of January, when they will all go out together:

"South Carolina—Convention meets December 17; will retire from the Confederacy December 18.

"Alabama—Convention meets January 7; retires January 10.

"Mississippi—Convention meets January 7; retires January 10.

"Florida—Convention meets January 3; and will probably retire with Alabama and Mississippi.

"It is expected Arkansas and Texas will not be long behind them.

"The idea that any compromise can be offered that will save these States to the Union may henceforward be hopelessly abandoned."

THE LEGISLATURE OF LOUISIANA.

A telegram dated Baton Rouge, December 11, says: The bill providing for the election of delegates to the State Convention, to be held at Baton Rouge on the 23d of January, has passed both Houses. In the House a strong effort was made to put the question, Convention or no convention? before the people.

The Military bill passed both Houses, appropriating $500,000; providing for the appointment of a military commission and military bureau; also for the organization of volunteer companies, and arming the same, and for establishing military depots.

The Military Board will be convened immediately, and some one will be sent to purchase arms. The amendment of the House forbidding the purchase of arms at the North by the Board was lost. The bill of the House confiscating all the goods arriving from the Northern States after the 1st of January, and applying the proceeds of the sale of the same to the purchase of arms, was referred to a joint committee, and created considerable fun.

Mr. Wirt Adams, of Mississippi, was introduced to the joint session, and made a speech announcing the action of Mississippi, and asking the co-operation of Louisiana, which was cordially received. The hall was crowded.

A bill to appoint commissioners to the sister slave States created much discussion, but was lost. A resolution requesting the Governor to communicate to the Governors of other Southern States as to the condition of the country was adopted.

ELECTION OF A GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

A telegram dated Columbia, South Carolina, December 11, says: There was an animated contest in the Legislature for an election of Governor to-day. The following is the second ballot: Necessary to a choice, 82. Pickens, 53; Johnson, 50; Rhett, 28; Jamieson, 27; Townsend, Barnwell, and Chesnut, 1 each; blank, 1. On the first ballot Pickens and Johnson tied. The third ballot for Governor took place on the following day, and resulted: Pickens, 56; Johnson, 45; Jamieson, 28; Rhett, 28; scattering, 6. The ballotings ceased to-day.

THE FIRST UTTERANCE FROM MR. LINCOLN.

A telegram, dated Springfield, Illinois, December 13, says: The following paragraph appeared at the head of this morning's *Journal*, Lincoln's organ. It is known to have emanated direct from the President:

"We hear such frequent allusions to a supposed purpose on the part of Mr. Lincoln to call into his Cabinet two or three Southern gentlemen from the parties opposed to him politically, that we are prompted to ask a few questions:

"*First*—Is it known that any such gentlemen of character would accept a place in the Cabinet?

"*Second*—If yea, on what terms does he surrender to Mr. Lincoln, or Mr. Lincoln to him, on the political differences between them, or do they enter upon the Administration in open opposition to each other?"

JOHN BELL FOR UNION.

Hon. John Bell has written a letter in which he says: "Viewing the subject in every light in which it can be presented, I am constrained to say that by no principle of public law, by no code of morals, by no law of earth or heaven, would Mississippi, or any other State, be justified, under existing circumstances, in withdrawing from the Union. I confidently believe that the happiest consequences would result from a conference of all the Southern States. I as confidently believe that a majority of the people of the North are this day prepared to agree to any fair and reasonable plan of adjustment which such a conference of the Southern States would propose. I purposely abstain from suggesting what, in my opinion, should be the basis of such plan of adjustment.

"After what I have written on the preceding pages of this letter, it is scarcely necessary to say that I am resolved to adhere to the Union. I will not say that in no possible contingency would I consent to a separation of the States; but I would exhaust every constitutional means for the redress of our grievances before I would think of dissolving the Union. I am not willing that one State should be withdrawn from the Union—that one star should be stricken from the bright cluster which now emblazons the national flag.

"I have long foreseen the probable occurrence of a crisis like the present, and shrunk from the possible issue of it; and I could never contemplate the destruction of the Union without sensations not unlike those which I imagine would overwhelm me on beholding the last going down of the sun, never to rise again forever."

UNION MEETING IN JERSEY.

A mass State Convention was held at Trenton, N. J., on Wednesday to adopt conciliatory measures toward the South. An address and resolutions were passed, and a Commission appointed to go about to the several States and endeavor to prevail upon them to remain in the Union. The Hon. William C. Alexander presided. Commodore R. F. Stockton and Mr. Halstead were the principal speakers in the Convention.

UNION MEETING AT PHILADELPHIA.

The citizens of Philadelphia, to the number of nearly ten thousand, assembled on Thursday in their Independence Square for the purpose of testifying their unalterable affection for the Union of these States, and their firm determination to stand by the Federal Constitution and the laws. Without distinction of party, people of all classes flocked to the meeting, and seemed deeply impressed with the importance of the occasion. Mayor Henry presided, and after prayer by Bishop Potter, speeches were made by the President, Joseph R. Ingersoll, Judge Woodward, Charles E. Lex, Theodore Cuyler, and Isaac Hazelhurst. Resolutions were adopted proclaiming attachment to the Constitution and the Union, recognizing the binding force of the Fugitive Slave Law, and the rights of slave-owners in the Territories; recommending a general convention of all the States, and appealing to the South for consideration and forbearance in the present crisis of the Union.

THE CENSUS OF 1860.

The *Herald* says: "As near as can be ascertained, the total population of the States and Territories is 31,000,000; therefore the ratio of representation in the House of Representatives will be about 133,000.

"The census returns of Illinois show the population to be 1,701,737. The ratio of representation will be 119,000, which will give Illinois fifteen members of Congress, instead of nine, the present number."

ARREST OF THE SUPPOSED MURDERER OF MRS. SHANCKS.

Alfred Buchanan, the supposed murderer of Mrs. Shancks, the widow lady who resided at No. 22 East Twelfth Street, was last week brought to this city a prisoner, having been arrested at Susquehanna, Pennsylvania. He is a young man who has been subject to severe fits nearly all his life, and, as a consequence, not of sound mind. The prisoner asserts his innocence of the crime imputed to him, but evidence of such a character has been obtained as to leave little doubt of his guilt.

WHAT ACTORS ARE PAID.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* gives the following gossip relating to actors and dramatists: "The engagement concluded at the Winter Garden on Saturday evening, by Charlotte Cushman, was one of the most successful she has played, her share of the profits amounting to nearly $10,000. Forrest is doing still better than this at Niblo's. John Brougham is now receiving $300 per week at the Haymarket. Last year he was paid at Wallack's $175 a week besides benefits and allowances for new pieces, and Wallack could well afford it. 'Playing with Fire' was written under last year's contract, and Brougham gets nothing for it at the theatre, where it has had such a great run. Lester Wallack receives $125 a week; Mr. Blake $115, and Charles Walcot $100. At the Winter Garden and Niblo's, Messrs. Couldock and Dyott received $70 and $50, and Messrs. Conway and Fisher $70 and $60, respectively, a week. At Miss Keene's this season there are no high salaries, but at the opening of the last she paid Mr. Jordan $100. Last season, too, Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Jefferson received each $150 a week under the management of Mr. Stuart."

DEATH OF A BURGLAR.

A correspondent of the Manchester *Mirror* narrates the death of a singular person at New Hampton: "Since his death a manuscript, written in cipher, has been found among his papers, and, after much search, the key to the mysterious characters employed has also been discovered. If this writing is to be credited, which, from some unaccountable desire to preserve the remembrance of his crimes, was certainly prepared by his own hand, during three years subsequent to 1816 he led the life of an expert and successful burglar. Having emigrated to Quebec, from Bristol, in England, he made the former city, Montreal, and some of the neighboring villages, the scenes of his lawless exploits. His first act was, probably, the purloining of a ring valued at only a few shillings; his last appears to have been the seizure of twenty-three hundred dollars in French coin. At the time he quit Canada he possessed not less than $6000, the ill-gotten fruits of his crimes. The remembrance of one, at least, among those who suffered from his wrongs seems to have haunted his mind through life, with a vividness which neither circumstances nor the lapse of time could repair; for by an informal will he bequeathed $800 to Alwin Craig—a name which occurs also in the manuscript in cipher—though other parties are in no instance specified. Last week an agent visited Quebec, and succeeded in finding two of the grandchildren of Mr. Craig, now dead, to whom, as his only representatives, the bequest was delivered."

PERSONAL.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "A Washington paper, opposed to Mr. Lincoln's election, asserts to-day that Mr. Don Piatt, of Ohio, who, for a time, was Secretary of Legation at Paris under poor Pierce, is to be Lincoln's Private Secretary, and that Mrs. Don Piatt is to assist Mrs. Lincoln in her duties at the White House. This announcement is made without the slightest authority. The statement originally made in the *Herald* is true, that Mrs. Edwards, a sister of Mrs. Lincoln, and a niece of the latter, Mary Wallace, a beautiful miss of eighteen, will accompany Mr. Lincoln's family to Washington, and assist Mrs. Lincoln in doing the honors at the President's levees. Mr. Nicolay, the present confidential secretary of Mr. Lincoln, will undoubtedly act in the same capacity here. Mrs. Edwards is an accomplished Kentucky lady, and has recently been visiting at Andover, Massachusetts."

We regret to learn that the health of Mrs. Frémont has not been improved at her mountain home, and that she has been obliged to remove to a residence near Francisco, where the air is less keen, and the comforts of civilization are more get-at-able.

Mr. Victor Dehlinger, an old resident of Buffalo, died at his residence on Elm Street, in that city, on Friday, at the age of sixty-nine. Mr. Dehlinger was a hussar in the campaigns of the great Napoleon I.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

BRITISH OPINION ON SECESSION.

The London *Times* of 29th says: "Of one thing the Democrats may be well assured—that the character and prestige of the several United States in the eyes of Europe depend on their Federal Union. Lord North saw this when he skillfully proposed a compromise, which would have had the effect of isolating some from the rest, and Burke resisted his scheme of conciliation on that very ground. "Hoc Ithacus velit;"—the stubborn and mutinous spirit of the South is falling into the tactics of the enemies of American independence. Let there be no mistake as to English public opinion on this subject. If we have paid a sincere homage to the rising greatness of America, it has not been to that which the Southerners are so anxious to conserve, but to that which they are striving to destroy. All that is noble and venerable in the United States is associated with the Federal Constitution. It is not the demonstrations of Southern ruffianism in Congress, or the filibustering aggrandizement of the South, from the Mexican annexations downward, or the Fugitive Slave law, or the Dred Scott decision, or the Kansas-Nebraska act—it is not these, or any other triumph of Democratic insolence during their ascendency of half a century, that has commanded the sympathy and admiration of Europe.

"We have judged these things leniently, as the actions of great men and great nations ought to be judged, because we knew the perilous conditions under which so mighty an enterprise as the civilization of America must of necessity be carried out, and have confidence in the practical good sense of the American character. A certain hectoring tone, arising from the exuberant consciousness of health and strength, is characteristic of adolescence, but no such allowance is made for deliberate acts of lawless violence. Even now, so long as the agitation is confined to bullying and insults, to 'retaliatory laws' and indignation meetings, in the form of Conventions, we shall not despair. High pressure, moral as well as mechanical, is the rule in America, and threats of civil war may be used there in a strictly Parliamentary sense. But if this rough sparring should by any chance be carried too far, and the threat so often uttered in jest or wantonness should be repeated in earnest and lead to bloodshed, it is some comfort that the aggressors will not be the stronger party. Mr. Lincoln will in that case command a majority in Congress, and will carry with him the support of all those who, however tolerant of slavery, will not tamely acquiesce in its becoming the basis of an illegal and hostile Confederation."

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

At latest dates, the Empress Eugénie was visiting Manchester, where her reception was cordial. The Town Council had presented her an address. Her proposed visit to Liverpool had been abandoned.

WHAT SENT HER TO ENGLAND.

At the death of the Empress's sister, the Duchess of Alba, and the thought that she was laboring under the same chronic disease which carried the Duchess off, so affected her that a change of air was indispensable to her wellbeing. The Emperor suggested that she had better pass some weeks at the chateau of the Duchess of Hamilton, in order to secure the services of Dr. Simpson, renowned for his treatment of cancer. At Holyrood Abbey, she became very much interested and emotional at the sight of the relics of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland.

FRANCE.

MARRIAGES IN PARIS.

Marriages abound in Paris just now. The son of Marshal Reille (and grandson by his mother of Massena) marries Mademoiselle Soult de Dalmatie, a grand-daughter of Marshal Soult; Monsieur Depetit Thouars, a nephew of the Admiral, marries Miss MacLeod; Monsieur de Kervéguen, a chamberlain of the Emperor, marries Mademoiselle Montaud, the richest heiress in Paris, she has $4,000,000; Monsieur Legrand, son of an eminent civil engineer, with Mademoiselle Garnot, daughter of a wealthy sub-treasurer, and a grand-niece of Marshal Ney; Baron Poilly with the Countess de Brigode, a daughter of the Marquis du Hullay, the sovereign arbiter here of all disputes touching the duelists' code; Monsieur Pugliesi with Mademoiselle Conti, daughter of one of Louis Napoleon's most intimate friends; Count Le Merle de Beauford with Mademoiselle de Courville; Viscount de Simard de Pitry with Mademoiselle d'Etchegoyen; and young Monsieur Alfred Hachette, son of the publisher, with Mademoiselle Aumont. Besides all these, they are getting ready for the daughter of Queen Marie Christine of Spain, who is to marry the Marquis de Campo Sagrado. This is her youngest daughter; the two others are already married—the eldest, Maria Ampara, to Prince Czartorisky; the second, Maria Milagro, to Prince del Drago. These children are not of issue from her marriage with King Ferdinand (the present Queen of Spain is), but from her marriage with one Señor Munoz, whom she found a handsome corporal in the army, raised to the rank of Duke de Riunzares, and married.

ITALY.

REACTION AGAINST VICTOR EMANUEL.

The news from Italy is unimportant, but it shows a strong feeling exists in favor of Garibaldi and against Victor Emanuel. The French journals state that a reactionary movement had broken out afresh, and in not less than five provinces, with the Abruzzi at their head, so that it became necessary to proclaim a state of siege.

THE SIEGE OF GAETA.

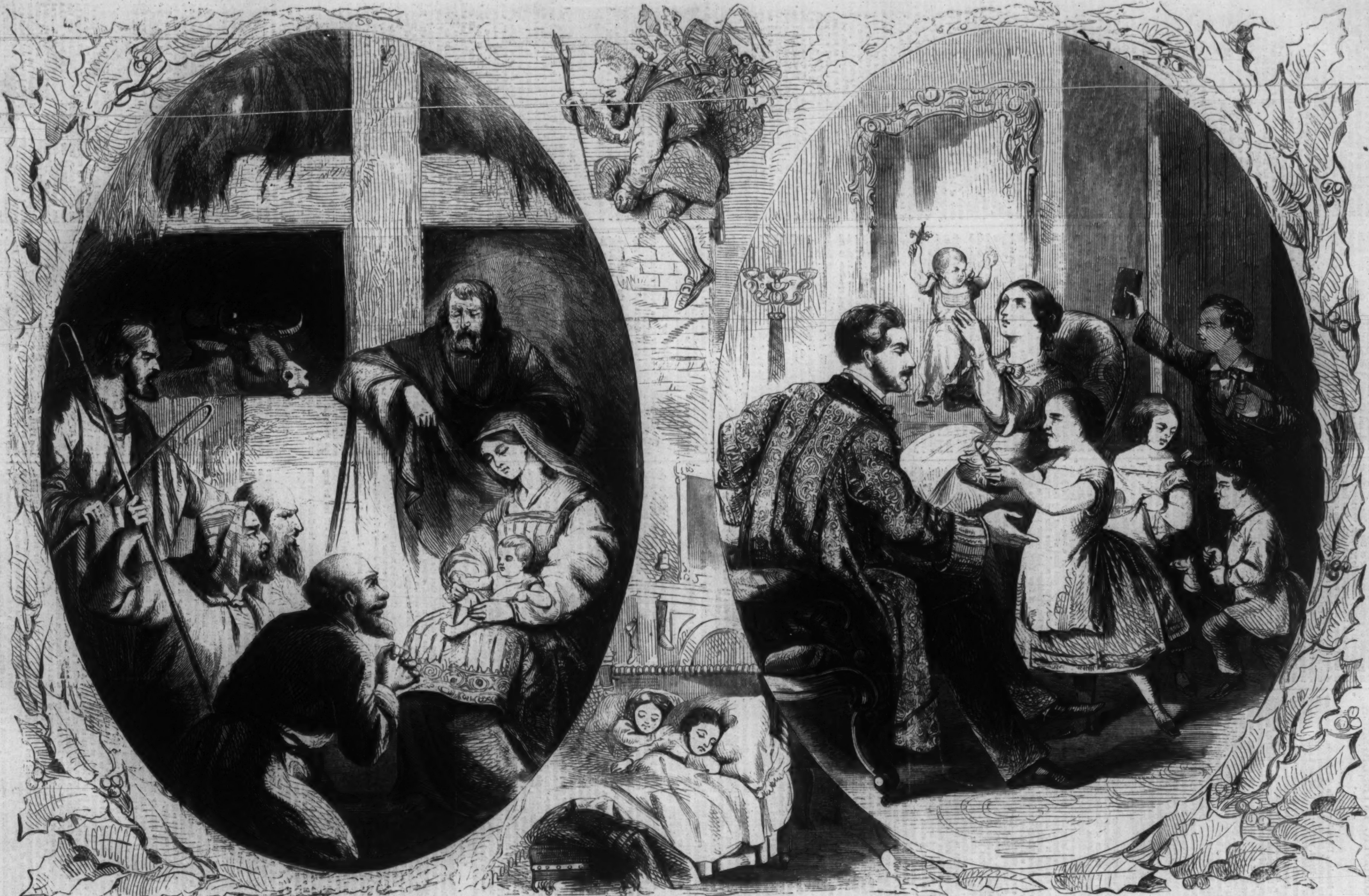
The garrison of Gaeta had made a sortie in order to capture the strategical positions in the suburbs, but were repulsed with great loss.

The following is given as the position of affairs. At Gaeta, 19th, the Piedmontese fleet had returned to Naples, the intention being to make an attack on the land side. The advanced Piedmontese posts were 1500 metres from the mole and forts. They were placing mortars in line to open fire, and three out of the five batteries constructing were ready. The besieged kept up a fire to impede the construction of the batteries, but ineffectually. Typhus fever prevailed in the garrison, which was too crowded, numbering 18,000. The Piedmontese numbered 15,000.

CHINA.

PROGRESS OF THE ALLIES.

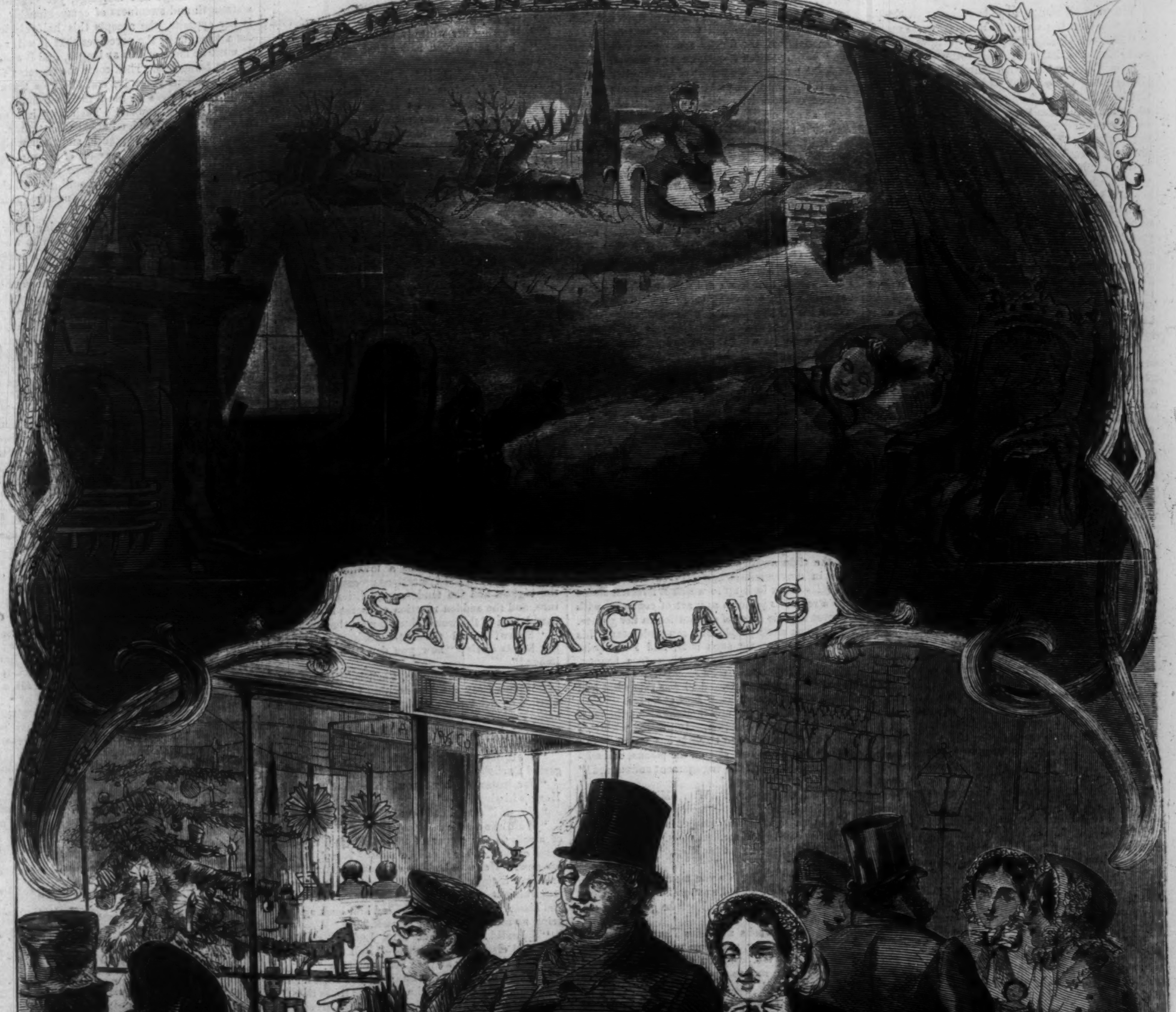
At the last accounts the Allies were within six miles of Pekin, and that the Chinese had gained some important advantages in capturing several prominent personages in the Allied camp, including Lord Elgin's secretary and the correspondent of the London *Times*. Two more battles had been fought—one at Chang-kia-wan, and the other at Jang-chan. Thirty thousand Tartar cavalry are reported to have been engaged on both occasions. Two thousand of them were killed, while it is stated that only eighteen of the Allies were wounded. This latter statement appears incredible, unless, indeed, the Armstrong guns enabled the Allies to keep beyond the range of the enemy's fire.



THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

WHAT SANTA CLAUS BROUGHT US.

CHRISTMAS-DAY THEN AND NOW.


DREAMS AND REALITIES OF
SANTA CLAUS
TOYS

"THE LAST STEP OF THE FORTY STEPS."

We were all sitting in a close cluster on the piazza that morning when the newsboy came up.

"*Harper's Weekly*, Sir; full o' pictures o' Newport, Sir," the little thin voice volunteered.

Miss Vaux put out her hand, with that one strange ring of opal and jet glistening on it; but Carlisle intercepted the paper, and himself presented it to her. She takes things easily, quietly, sometimes coolly. She took this all three, drooping her brown head, smiling her red lips, and dropping out a careless-toned "Thank you."

He took it back from her to cut the pages, his quick glance running over the illustrations in the process. A sudden swift smile went over his mouth once, and, taking out a lead-pencil, he wrote something rapidly on No. 4 of the "Sketches from Newport," and passed the paper again to the lady with that same smile and a low bend of his fine head. She received it with her former manner of careless grace; but the moment her eyes fell upon the pretty sketch, and the penciling thereon, a dark red blush flashed hotly down her cheek and chin; between two quivering lines of scarlet two perfect rows of pearls clenched with some kind of emotion, and the rosed nostrils dilated with a hard bound breath. There were *ladies* and *gentlemen* in that group. Every one took their gaze from her, and one adroitly turned the conversation into a new and delicious bit of gossip.

We had all but one thought about the matter—that Wilverton Reese had been accepted by Miss Vaux on the last step of the "Forty Steps;" that Carlisle, intimate friend of both, was "confidant," and had playfully written some sportive allusion on No. 4, as the pretty coincidence struck him. We all thought, too, the manner of Miss Vaux very sensitively overdrawn for so slight a thing, and were in a puzzle of surprise—Carlisle no less than the others, by the startled and even pained look upon his face. I was glad Wilverton Reese was not there, he is so curiously curious in his good-natured way, no knowing what blunder he might have made. Carlisle had done nothing ungentlemanly, I was sure, for Carlisle's nature was the finest toned of the whole group—kindly and considerate. Emotion was such an odd thing for Miss Vaux to demonstrate, too—Miss Vaux, whose cold white face had remained unmoved through every thing heretofore, whose self-possession had passed into a proverb with us. But before our gossip had been run through twice she had got it back again; and there was a little fierce flash in her hazel eyes—a gleam of scorn and anger, as if she hated her momentary weakness. One could think of nothing in comparison but some noble steed who had succumbed to fear for a second, and was paying penance in an unshrinking submission to the lash from his master's hand; for so the stern soul of Salina Vaux was administering whip and spur to herself. In this way she went calmly turning over the pages of the paper, making a running commentary as she did so. Pausing longest over the first page, she uttered an exclamation—"How very sweet!"

"What is it?" some one asked. She held it toward them, and we all looked at the cut—"FATHER, INTO THY HANDS!"

"Oh, Miss Vaux, read the poem to us, please!" pleaded pretty little Miss Ayers. The rest seconded this suggestion, not out of mere politeness, for it was worth your while to hear Miss Vaux read when she would.

So she read the poem "AT NIGHT." Unless I want to feel as if I were bidding a last farewell to the dearest friend I have, with tears blinding my eyes and hot agony choking my heart, I never want to hear that poem again read by those thrilling tones. That little Rosalie Ayers actually ran up to her room to cry it out; and that marvel of coolness, Parker Revere, dropped his hat for an excuse to dash away the moisture that blinded his vision. Carlisle's sensitive mouth was quivering; but he was so much more absorbed in observing the reader than the poem she read, that his emotions were under control.

Her face was calm as death, and colder in its dead white symmetry than any thing human I had ever looked upon before. She had not the least sympathy with that tender, touching verse, though she read it in so electrical a manner; not from any want of feeling though, but from self-absorption. She realized it just so far as it gave her room to express something of her mood. Women can understand this—perhaps men can, I don't know. I do not think she was at all aware of the state she had put us in; for presently she read out two or three little news items, and her laugh sounded, and her light remarks were thrown in, without the least apparent effort.

Because I have said Salina Vaux was always unmoved and self-possessed, and have spoken of her calm, white face, I do not want you to suppose she was of the cold severe style, of the unmoving as well as unmoved; because, if you do, you will get altogether an erroneous notion of Salina Vaux. She was what Tommy Ayers—Tommy Ayers, with his straw-colored mustache and extensive knowledge of human nature, calls "A bright girl—a deuced bright girl, Sir!" That is, she was quick, and sparkling, and sportive in her manner, with a large amount of that quality called "tact;" as Tommy's sister Rosalie said, "Salina Vaux did things so sweetly!" and then little Rosa would sigh, and wish she was Salina Vaux, though Salina Vaux hadn't a penny, and she had millions. I have often thought if Miss Vaux had been an heiress, like Rosalie Ayers, she would have swayed the world; but there is a law of dramatic unities, which is best, whatever we think we might do to better it. What now, would little Rosalie Ayers have been, even with her pink and white face, but for the thousands that made her faint, straw-colored hair golden? There are millions of girls just like her, body and soul. But Salina Vaux, that cold, white lily, with a glitter of hoar-frost hanging about her, was out of all rule. Her father was an army officer, with enough private means to spend every cent of the interest, every summer, at Newport or Saratoga. As good as penniless, you know; but she had more thought bestowed upon her than any other girl—men and women hung round her fascinated, and the former sometimes left her for the "*golden*" haired Rosalie under a protest. Suppose she had been the heiress of Caulington Ayers! The thing would have been too unequal; in the language of the irresistible Tommy, "She would have swept all the other girls into obscurity." And that is just what Tommy wanted her to do—wanted to make her Mrs. Tommy Ayers: Thomas Caulington Ayers it would have been on the wedding cards. Tommy could afford it, you know; and she wouldn't do it: put that down to her glory, will you? With no preoccupation of heart, and without means, she rejected the match of the season; the richest man, and the son of the richest man, and heir to the proudest name in the country—Thomas Caulington Ayers!—because she didn't love him she wouldn't take him. Think of that! Put it down, that there are women left who have not such a low, groveling care for what they shall eat, and what they shall drink, and what they shall wear, that they must barter all that is priceless and imperishable for what is poor and perishable.

How came this all known? *She* didn't tell it, you may be sure; that wasn't her style. In the bitterness of his disappointment little Tommy poured out his trouble to his bosom friend, and his bosom friend told Mrs. Grundy; and now she was engaged to Wilverton Reese. Wilverton Reese had more brains, more beauty, and better style—I doubt if he had any better heart than Tommy Ayers—he hadn't half as much money. Though he talked well, and even brilliantly, and evinced much thought and culture, I wondered whether, after all, he did not owe his success to his perfect person.

People may endeavor to underrate personal beauty as much as they like: to persons of imagination and sensibility it is more than they themselves are half the time aware; the influence especially of grace in movement is perfectly subtle. I have seen Miss Vaux look up to watch Wilverton Reese cross a room, or perform any act of courtesy, with the most artistic sense of admiration in her glance.

There are some people who can understand this poetry of motion, for such it is, and I am quite sure it is far more powerful than face beauty. This was Wilverton Reese's *spécialité*—this perfect play of limb and muscle. And was this what had carried Salina Vaux's heart? Let us see.

I said we had all but one thought about the matter of that strange emotion. Impressed with this idea, I went up to Lloyd Carlisle one wet morning when there was no one else on the piazza, and asked him "why wasn't the engagement announced?"

"What engagement?"

"What engagement! Why, Miss Vaux and Wilverton Reese."

He turned a chair for me out of the rain, and seated himself beside me.

"So you thought that too?"

"Yes, and *you knew* it."

"*I*—never! What do you mean?"

I told him, and what I supposed he had written upon the wood-cut No. 4. Then he gave this explanation:

"About two weeks ago Miss Vaux and I went walking one evening, and came round to the Forty Steps at last. We had been silent for some time in our approach, and so discovered a pair of lovers sitting cosily and quite 'sentimentally'" (and he smiled humorously here) "on that 'last step.' It amused us both at the time, and we got merry over it as a matter of course. What I wrote upon the sketch was just this: 'Do you remember the last time you were there?' When she showed such emotion I knew that I had been mistaken by her, and I should have recalled the particular scene to her if I could have done it without involving others—for we knew the parties—or without compromising her still more; for you see by any explanation I should have drawn greater surprise down upon her and wider suggestions."

That splendid Lloyd Carlisle! wasn't this beautiful of him! I as good as told him so, whereat he got quite shamefaced, and blushed like any girl.

"After that sudden evidence of feeling on her part," he went on, "something flashed over me. The night previous, I remembered, while I was lying alone down near that very spot, quite absorbed in my own meditations, a vague murmur of voices ran through the web of my thoughts like an accompaniment; and when I got up and came away I saw two persons indistinctly in the shadow, for I was in the full moonlight. It was all so vague, and I so absorbed in my own reveries that I had forgotten it a moment after. It came back the other morning while we sat there as the probable cause of her embarrassment; for this couple in shadow might have been Miss Vaux and Wilverton Reese. Do you see?"

"Yes, I see; but I don't see, even if it were them, why she should take it so seriously."

"I know it is very strange."

"Do you think she loves him, Mr. Carlisle—this Wilverton Reese?"

He waited a moment before he answered, looking out into the fine fog of rain as in a dream.

"I think she is pleased with him," making marked emphasis upon the verb. "But you are getting wet. Come in out of the rain, do." And we went into the parlor, finishing our conversation thus, and leaving me with a thought—a new one too, and one I liked; let the sequel develop it.

In the parlor were Miss Vaux, Wilverton Reese, Tommy Ayers and his sister, Parker Revere, and the Ludlows, sisters, brothers, and cousins, to the tune of twenty, in the Tommy Ayers' phraseology.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come! we are having such a delicious time talking people over!" And Cad Ludlow, after delivering herself of this speech for a greeting, made room for me on the little sofa she occupied.

"Doing people, and want us to assist at the operation!"

"Oh, Mr. Carlisle, that isn't like you! You never do the cynical and satirical."

"Am I so very amiable?"

"Oh, a perfect lamb, Mr. Carlisle!" retorted Cad, showing her white teeth in a laugh.

"I had rather you had called me a *deer!*" he returned—

"Or a 'duck,' Carlisle," Reese suggested.

"Now don't toss that joke about any more, young gentlemen, but let us go back to our subject," Miss Ludlow interposed,

"Or to our victim, in other words!"

"Mr. Reese, you'll be sent to Coventry presently!" warned the young lady; if there is any thing unamiable said of the persons we bring upon the carpet, it will not come from the lips of Miss Caroline Ludlow—"Clarke"—to her cousin No. 5, "Do I ever say malicious or unjust things of persons?"

"Oh no, of course not; you only relieve your mind!" answered that young gentleman, looking at her funnily over his eye-glasses.

She tossed her great ball of crochet wool at him, and then with perfect *sang froid* said,

"We were speaking of Miss Wylde—Alice Wylde, who is to be married on the 27th, and whom Mr. Revere admires immensely."

"Why does Mr. Revere admire her immensely?" some one asked.

"Because she is colder than the northern seas, and silent as a statue!" interpolated Cad Ludlow's saucy tongue. Mr. Revere was annoyed, so he was serious, and made answer,

"I admire Miss Wylde, because she is delicately discreet: her coldness means dignity, that is all. She is so well balanced that she would seldom or never be betrayed into doing impulsive things that she regretted afterward."

Something more like a sneer than any thing I had ever seen on Lloyd Carlisle's face played round it now as he took up the subject, saying: "I mean no disrespect to Miss Wylde when I say that a woman who never does any thing she is sorry for is by no means a lovable character. Many of these impulsive actions proceed from both the highest and the tenderest qualities of the nature, and the sudden reaction of regret is only the hard lesson of the world throwing its shadow!"

"Bravo!" cried the little Ludlow, clapping her hands softly, "how you demolish his snow-image!"

"You misunderstand me, Carlisle," Revere put in; "when I say she does nothing to regret afterward, I do not mean any light harmless speech or action, which the gayety of an occasion always excuses; but I mean those little irregularities which Bell Romer, for instance, commits."

"Well, for instance:" rather impatiently suggested Carlisle.

"For instance, then—you know that story of Howe's kissing her—"

"No, no!" exclaimed several voices.

"Well, she was leaning up against the cushions of a sofa in the corner of the public parlor, with three or four of her friends clustered round, as we are now. Her eyes had been closed for some time, and they thought her asleep. Howe came in, and remarking it, with his usual suddenness bent over and kissed her: she quietly kissed him back again, being no more asleep than himself."

"Splendid!" burst out Miss Ludlow, sinking back and clapping her hands—"Bell Romer forever! I'll go over and see her to-morrow."

"Wait a moment, Miss Ludlow: you must know the young lady had met him but three times then."

"*Tant mieux:* it isn't the length that gives the sweetness to the song, you know; and Howe is handsome enough to kiss, the ineffable fellow!"

"From that commenced a violent intimacy," Revere went on—"a sort of Platonic affair, which gave them the privilege of carrying on prolonged *têtes-à-tête*, and waltzing six times an evening with each other. Then when Howe got thrown from that wicked beast of his, nothing must do but she must go driving down to see him every day, and half the time with only her little sister, May, for company—a servant's inquiries would have done quite as well—though her romantic impulse was, I believe, that he absolutely needed some womanly overlooking, which only a mother or sister could give; so she established herself in that capacity. Now one would get the idea from this of a fast young lady—which is untrue: we all know that Bell Romer is simply a warm-hearted, impulsive girl. But what man wouldn't prefer such a girl as Alice Wylde for a wife after all?"

"*I* wouldn't," rang out Carlisle's resolute voice. "The Bell Romers are the ones who, from the very excess of innocence and girlish high spirits, draw down upon them the censure of the world many times; but these very qualities, rightly directed or occupied, make them the most faithful companions. I very much doubt the intensity of a nature, or even its tenderness, where the emotions never betray the owner into the least irregularity, where a woman never does any thing she is 'sorry for.' I do not mean to excuse, by any means, the irregularities of a certain class of young women whom you have rightly denominated 'fast'—properly, what we call 'irregularities' with them are 'regularities.' It is their rule to do these things. They go about it in a systematic, business manner, and are never so elate as when they succeed in some new and startling achievement. *They* have no regrets. It is greatly to be lamented that the impulsive actions of good, natural girls, like Bell Romer, sometimes bear a likeness to the performances of these 'fast' young women. They should seek to avoid this, and I am sure that they do when they perceive the resemblance."

"But, Carlisle, what do you make of the careless lack of caution which leads a girl—our Miss Romer here—to accept a friendship which every one recognizes to be of the most sentimental order, but confessedly not a betrothal—to carry it on with notes and letters and rings and roses—all the paraphernalia of love without its bond?"

"I think, Revere, that this is the most excusable of her shortcomings. When I see a relation of this kind, I know that it is with a protest—that the woman's heart discerns that it is not complete enough to merge into marriage, yet yearning for a strength and sweetness of companionship which is her opposite, she accepts this half-relationship for a time, until she perceives that it will not do. It must be more or less at length, and it ends usually in being less. Then come the regrets; for the world's lessons come in, and she gets them over again, and strives to heed their wisdom. From my soul I pity women! Their way is a narrow way, indeed, and hedged about with thorns. Let them swerve a hair's-breadth, and their white feet are bleeding. Yet all manner of temptations assail them, and assume the shape of angels' wings to them. Revere, we men should give all charity to all women: we, who have the most royal largess of liberty, can afford it."

As suddenly as he ceased speaking Miss Ludlow rose from her seat and went over to where he was standing, saying, in her electrical manner, but without any bluster or scene-making—"Lloyd Carlisle, you deserve to be knighted for your brave sentiments, and your brave declaration of them;" and with her usual curious mixture of play and earnest, she untied her sash ribbon, and, flinging it over his shoulder, pinned it across his breast with a little gold cross which a moment ago glittered at her throat-band. There, Sir, you are no longer Lloyd Carlisle, but a knight of the golden cross—*Lord* Carlisle."

Carlisle was the most modest and retiring of men. He had gone out of himself in this burst of loyalty—forgotten his personal identity; but, recalled again to it, he shrank, smiling and coloring, back into his shell of reserve. Miss Ludlow turned a happy point of relief to all when she said, with perfect gravity,

"I wish you'd give me a lock of your hair, Lord Carlisle. I had rather possess it than Garibaldi's."

The tongues loosened after this, and we women, every one, flung him in our ribbon of praise. Every one? No. Miss Vaux said never a word while we talked, but sent such a sudden, soft, sad smile from her fair white face to him, and, rising, turned to go out at the door, but caught her foot in the cord and tassel of her morning robe, and reeled—would have fallen but for Carlisle, who sprang forward simultaneously with Wilverton Reese; but it was Carlisle who raised her, who gave her his arm out of the room. He did not come back to us; but out in the driving rain I saw him walk a few moments after as one in a dream.

This was Saturday. The next day, contrary to his usual custom, he came down at church bells, drawing on his gloves, and looking churchward. Miss Ludlow was standing at the window.

"How de do, Lord Carlisle? Who's going to take you to church? You don't know the way alone!"

He laughed, colored a little, and answered, "Miss Vaux has been kind enough to offer me a seat to-day!"

"Good! What's she going to do with the Prince of Wales?"

"Who?"

"Wilverton Reese. What's she going to do with him?"

Miss Vaux came down just then, clad in lilac—that mystical purity of color which few dare undertake; but which made me think of—

"Her dress was like the lilies,
And her heart as pure as they;
One of God's holy messengers
Did walk with me that day:"

for though not in the letter of the text was her dress like the lilies, yet in effect she looked as white and stainless as they.

Carlisle regarded her a moment with that peculiar expression of his, "as in a dream;" then coming forward joined her, receiving that soft, sad smile, and the simple question, "Did I keep you waiting?" said in the tones that read "FATHER, INTO THY HANDS." Wilverton Reese was swinging his cane on the piazza, and Miss Ludlow watching him inside; because Wilverton Reese had in a way established himself as Miss Vaux's escort to church heretofore, as he had established himself as escort upon most occasions; so his *not* going, and somebody else going, was rather an exception.

Salina Vaux was impenetrable—just a lady—no less. As she recognized Mr. Reese she greeted him with her graceful bend, and "Will you go to church with us?"

"No," he "must write letters to-day;" and so, simply, Miss Ludlow's question, of what she would do with the Prince of Wales was answered. The Prince of Wales went up stairs to write his letters it may be, and Salina Vaux went into church with Lord Carlisle. That was a good thing of Miss Ludlow's.

Carlisle had heard, all his little time of knowing Salina Vaux, that she was cold; brilliant and fascinating, but unimpassioned. He had his own thoughts, however; but to-day, when he sat beside her in the church, more than the solemn services did he follow that low concentrated voice, the very voice that read "FATHER, INTO THY HANDS"—and the face, that cold white face, moved by the "Cross and Passion."

And once he was thrilled through and through. It was after the supplication "O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world!" that voice he knew so well sent forth, almost in a sob, "Grant us thy peace!"

The bowed head and the slender profile, one quick look, and the tender sensibility, delicate as a woman's, that dwelt in Lloyd Carlisle's bosom, turned his gaze away—tears blinded his own eyes for the sight of them in hers. What was her "Cross and Passion?" from what sore need did she cry for "Peace?" If he had had any belief in the story of her want of warmth, any doubt of her intensity of nature, it swept away before this vision of her.

Going home they left the fashionable thoroughfare, and through green lanes and by-paths took their way.

There was something for Lloyd Carlisle to say—it was a good time now—and then and there he told her what his few words of penciling had meant on the sketch No. 4.

The cold white face hung out its scarlet signal of distress a moment; a moment more and she possessed herself again, calm and clear, saying with that impenetrable manner,

"I misunderstood you, and want to ask your pardon for treating you with coldness perhaps."

She had been pardoned long before she asked it. So, silently after this, they walked on, and at a turn of the road met Miss Romer—Bell Romer, who had been under stern discussion yesterday, and the handsome Howe in company. She had a hand full of daisies, and one was set like a star on the dark blue of the gentleman's coat.

"There's No. 3 of the 'sketches,'" Carlisle remarked as they passed on.

"Preference? Yes, that is one of Mr. Revere's irregularities, and that is just like Bell Romer's careless innocence," Miss Vaux returned. Then she began—

"Oh! Mr. Carlisle, let me tell you how much I appreciated your kind sympathy for women yesterday, and how it did you the greatest honor."

"Thank you—you are kind to praise me; but you overrate it, permit me to say. There are thousands of men who would express the same, I know; but you have not chanced to hear one before," he modestly deprecated.

She smiled such an ineffable smile—arch and unbelieving.

"No, I have not, Mr. Carlisle. I have met with many of your sex in my society life; have talked with them—the finest of them, too—about my own sex; but somehow I never did chance to hear one of them express the sentiments that you did. You were a glorious *chance* to me, Mr. Carlisle;" and she lifted her changed face to meet his pleased look. Suddenly, as she said this, a little rose flush clouded up her lovely throat to her cheeks, and she exclaimed, half-timidly, as if in apology for her warmth,

"One speaks to you as they do to their brothers, I believe, Mr. Carlisle!"

A certain vail seemed to spread over his face at this. He began something indistinctly; then stopped, and pulling down a spray of honey-suckle which peered over a stone wall, gave it to her with some common remark of admiration.

She absently put it in her belt; but directly meeting his eyes, a conscious blush arose to her face. Then, with charming courage, she said, blushing all the while,

"I might not have done that if I had thought, Mr. Carlisle; but having done it, I have no desire to *undo* it."

Who but Salina Vaux could have said that? Perhaps he thought this himself, for he remarked immediately,

"Miss Vaux, I think you could do any thing well, because you do every thing naturally."

They had got home by this time, and going in, they found Miss Ludlow and Wilverton Reese sitting on the piazza.

"How cool you look, Salina Vaux, and the thermometer at 90, and Lord Carlisle is like a carnation! Oh! where'd you get that honey-suckle? Carlisle picked it—stole it out of somebody's garden, hey? Fie, Carlisle, don't you know the commandment, and the supplication in the Prayer-book—'Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law?' And you put it in your belt, Salina—the honey-suckle, not the commandment, I mean. It is pretty there, very! Ho—hum! Mr. Reese here has been entertaining me with beautiful Sunday talk about his neighbors—got upon Bell Romer again. We saw her go by, you know, just now with Howe, and Howe wore her 'preference' 'paraded on his coat.' That is quoting Mr. Reese; and this young gentleman insists that she is only 'doing' Howe; that she is like the rest of her sweet sex—fond of power and fond of parading it, and will be just as sweet upon somebody else when this wears off. What is the matter with the Prince of Wales? What's the matter with you, Willy Reese? Has somebody given you the mitten?" And Kate Caroline Ludlow, as her brothers called her, gave Mr. Reese a little sidelong look, as a cat watches a mouse.

The young man sat all the time tapping his boot with his cane, and wearing a smile which came uneasily. All you could do was to laugh when Cad Ludlow had you in hand.

For the next week Wilverton Reese was 'mad' after Rosalie Ayers—"paraded his preference" too openly, and bored himself to death; for every body knew he didn't care a pin for Rosalie Ayers—she wasn't his style at all. Every body guessed by these violent proceedings just what he intended they should *not*—that he was piqued with Salina Vaux. Thus, oh young men and maidens, do ye defeat yourselves!

If Carlisle fancied there was a little shade of melancholy on Miss Vaux's face, it was not in her manner certainly. There was no overdone gayety, but just her natural vivacity—a perfect ease—kind and courteous to Mr Reese as to any body; while Mr. Reese, gentleman as he ought to have been by blood and breeding, treated her sometimes to something so near to rudeness in his attempt at careless indifference, that he more than ever brought down upon him what he tried to escape, and defeated his designs.

There was a hop one evening at the —— House. To use Miss Ludlow's curious but expressive words, "the Prince of Wales was particularly owlie" that night; got furiously devoted to little Rosalie, and foolishly inattentive to Miss Vaux.

Provided Miss Vaux felt *any thing*—he was not nearly the actor that she was—through it all (and these things are the passage of fire to sensitive women) she lost not a breath of her ease, and there came a time of peculiar trial.

"You will dance with me the last time," and Parker Revere was holding her fan, and waiting eagerly for her answer, for he admired Miss Vaux "immensely."

"No, I can not, Mr. Revere; I have promised Mr. Reese the 'last.'"

"Happy Mr. Reese!" sighed the gentleman.

The dance came round, and Miss Vaux stood in a knot of acquaintances, waiting for the "happy Mr. Reese."

The horns, and harps, and viols took up their sweet winding involutions till the air was an atmosphere of subtle harmonies, and the floor was dotted with "dancers, dancing in tune;" and still Miss Vaux waited, and Lord Carlisle waiting with her—waited while the rest floated out into the magic bounds.

"Mr. Reese must have been taken suddenly ill, I think, Miss Vaux. I heard him telling Thornly that he did not feel well to-night."

"Oh, did he? I am sorry!" very pleasantly answered Miss Vaux to Mr. Carlisle's kind excuse; but just then happening to glance up into his face, she received that sudden, startled look which just then passed over it. Her eyes followed his. What did she see that sent that dark-red flush to flame her cheek, and a blinding mist over her eyes? Wilverton Reese dancing in a far corner with Rosalie Ayers.

Carlisle must have felt how she was looking, for he never put his eyes upon her, and only said:

"There is some mistake. Now you will send me to my sleep to-night with the sweetest dreams, if you will let me take advantage of it and favor me with your hand."

"No, Mr. Carlisle—that isn't best. If you will sit here by me, I shall like it better."

There was more confidence in this reply than she had ever given before; it was dignified, too, and self-sustained. It said plainly, "I will be a lady, if Mr. Reese forfeits his claim to a gentleman." She did not think that there was any misunderstanding.

Wilverton Reese was playing heavy stakes in his madness.

So they sat there, and Miss Vaux was not too proud to let Mr. Carlisle see the pain that was lining her face. You may be sure not a shade of this tacit trust escaped his subtle sense; for this, perhaps, he bent himself with more than his usual kindness, with a certain fervor of manner, to her pleasure; put himself up as a shield—

"Over her head his arm he flung
Against the world."

That was his purpose and his way. She must have been insensible if she had been regardless of it or indifferent. She was neither: for this, perhaps, she dropped the world mask lower yet to him, and talked her sad soul out in some indirect expression of passion.

In this occupancy the wild waltz strains surging past and around them died away; the hum of voices took the place, and "the dances were done."

As Wilverton Reese went dashing down the hall with a lady's burnoose on his arm, Carlisle's "mild and magnificent eye," blazing scorn and wrath, caught him—carried him by some sudden, secret force straight before them, where he attempted surprise, and recollection, and violent contrition all together. "*Would* Miss Vaux pardon him? his memory was more treacherous than gallant; he had forgotten that she had promised him the honor of her hand until he saw her there."

Carlisle's face was expressing all the contempt and scorn of a true-hearted gentleman. But Miss Vaux—the inimitable Miss Vaux—oh! Wilverton Reese, why did you pit your shadow of dissembling against her matchless power? Miss Vaux melted her proud lips into a smile, as arch and merry as if no pain had ever contracted them, and in only an amused voice, just tinctured with banter, gave this adroit little speech: "Don't tell Cad Ludlow, Mr. Reese, how suddenly treacherous your memory has become—she would never cease teasing you! Come, you've been cross quite long enough, Master Willie; let us be friends, as the children say, and I will show myself gracious by forgiving your last 'throw.' What a little boy he is—isn't he, Mr. Carlisle?"

Stunned into silence, young Reese stood, and out of it Salina Vaux went leaning on the arm of Lord Carlisle.

She had had her revenge—a good and righteous one—and he who had stung a woman's sensitive soul to appease his own vanity, saw his superficial structure of plans scattered to the winds. He could not have felt comfortable, certainly.

Lloyd Carlisle was also stunned into silence at this unexpected bit of acting.

In the entrance hall she raised the old sad face to him, and said, in pleading tones,

"Mr. Carlisle, do not believe me an utter dissembler for what you have seen. I am 'very vilely proud,' and on Pride's merciless cross I suffer and die sometimes: I have done what I could to-night—" And after a brief hesitation, and a little lower, a little tremulous tone, "I am only afraid now you will lose what faith you may have in me by what you have seen; and I can not bear you to!"

They were at her room door; what did he mean? Hurriedly, but with eager fervor, he whispered, dropping his lips to her hand, "God bless you, dear Miss Vaux!" What did he mean? That was all. The next moment she was in the solitude of her room.

Cad Ludlow stood waiting at the door the morning after the hop, and humming that last waltz—waiting for some one, with her hat on, and swinging her parasol. Wilverton Reese came down as she stood, looking unapproachable. She fixed him with a word or two.

"So there's a mistake. Did you know about it, Mr. Reese?"

"What?"

"Why, our all supposing that it was you to whom Miss Vaux was engaged, when it is Lloyd Carlisle."

What possessed Miss Ludlow? She said once she hated handsome men, they grew to be so cruelly selfish. She had known a handsome man once, whom she longed to hate, and could not, so she made amends on the rest.

If it was her wish to torture a handsome man now, she had done it. Pride and some deeper emotion was visible on his face; and at this very moment a sound of a slipper came in ear-shot, then a rustle of a cambric gown, and Miss Vaux herself.

"Good-morning!" and the head went down in a Lancer's dip to them.

He returned the salutation with a look of proud pain: the vain folly had subsided into a more manly spirit. He had sinned against her openly. Let him repent, and shiver his sullied lance at her feet. Would he? *Could* he?

She bowed, and passed on down the piazza: he hesitated a moment, then followed her in his sudden, unpremeditated way. "Miss Ludlow tells me that you are to be congratulated, Miss Vaux."

"How?"

"On your engagement with Mr. Carlisle."

She smiled a little wearily—"Miss Ludlow has been misinformed."

Mr. Reese waited for something else, but Salina Vaux rarely said more than enough. While he waited in expectant silence into his hand dropped that one strange ring of opal and jet.

He started as if it had been a serpent, then thrusting it out of his sight, instantly said,

"So our friendly relations are all over?"

"No, unless you wish it; that peculiar phase of it is over, of course."

"Why, Salina?"

There are certain looks, and words, and ways, which are so fragrant, as it were, of our first conception of persons so irrevocably connected with that first, sweet time of knowing them, that they have a dangerous power. So this "Why, Salina?" affected Miss Vaux; but she went on in the manner she had marked out:

"Because you have so misunderstood my character that it would only be further humiliation for me to continue in the same relation."

"Humiliation! how?"

"When you put that ring upon my finger as we stood at the 'Forty Steps,' that last evening we walked together, you understood that it was no seal of engagement, but of simple, tender friendship. I thought you understood too, how, though declining to enter into any betrothal, that I entertained for you a warm and tender regard; that I liked you even better than any body I knew; that it was from no coquetry, no desire for power, no higher ambitions, that led me to reject any closer tie; but because, from the sincerity of my soul, I felt that then, at least, the feeling was not entire and complete enough to sanction it; and I would not promise what I perhaps could not fulfill. You remember what followed. As you held my hand in putting that ring upon my finger we saw Mr. Carlisle above us in the early moonlight. The impulse that led me to draw my hand away was only natural delicacy: the fear of being misunderstood by him. You put a different construction upon it, and held me fast. I was pained, not so much at the possible misconstruction by another, and even the consequent peril to my proud delicacy, but at the selfishness that led you to place me in such a position. I forgave you, however; but when we met again, your manner of shy coldness struck a blow to all my possible love for you. In it I read your thought—after all my evidence of regard for you, you still doubted; believed I was playing with you, believed me an ordinary coquette. In it I read, too, further proof of selfishness. You forgot that I had something to forgive, that you had put me in an equivocal position, and more than ever owed me all tender courtesy after it. What depth of regard could you have had for me, to have lost sight of this in your pique and passion? Oh, Wilverton!" she went on, in a little burst of regret, "I know now that such a friendship as we essayed was wild and impracticable, as Mr. Carlisle told us that day in the drawing-room—and that it is better for us both that it lies dead; but I grieve at the manner of its death. My father has often said, that of a long line of proud women I was the proudest. But I am not too proud to tell you that you have made me suffer much for these last weeks. Pride and tenderness sat in sackcloth and ashes; for you had put a great humiliation upon the first, and disappointed me utterly in the last."

"You may have forgotten," he interrupted, "that you have bestowed special favor upon Mr. Carlisle for these last weeks, to the exclusion of all others."

"Mr. Carlisle was specially kind to me. I have not sought him out to bestow favor. When another failed me, I found myself surrounded by that kind presence. I accepted it thankfully."

Voices and footsteps rang down the colonnade, and the conference was over. They turned away together, talked of common familiar things, walking side by side the length of the promenade and into the hall, where he left her at the drawing-room, bowing low, with that matchless grace, to her bending head. The great world rushing by saw only the common chance of courtesy; it was the sign of renunciation and death, with a little white flag of the world's truce fluttering down the wind.

Sitting afar off there had been an observer but not a hearer to this last act of this sad drama. Under the brim of the straw-hat Lloyd Carlisle's kind, gray eyes were beaming. As Miss Vaux disappeared, with that expressive droop of her slender height, he murmured, "as in a dream," "God bless her!"

The great crowd rushed on—and presently September came. The crowd begins to thin. Later yet, the middle of the month, and the pleasantest time of all the season, is here. Little knots of people cluster together, parties of friends sit down by morning fires in the cool autumn days, and take their drives without the blinding foam of dust for company. So the little circle of which Miss Vaux was the centre sat by their morning fires, and walked or drove together, unto the last. And the last came close upon October—lovely days of crimson, and gold, and purple, with the white mists of that tender climate spreading its dream over all.

Miss Vaux stood in profound reverie, leaning her head against the marble fire-place, looking into the fire—the earliest one, and the only one, in the small private parlor. Next, Mr. Carlisle came down, and they talked of the season and its close, standing there together.

"Our last week, Miss Vaux; I want to ask something of you."

She looked up.

"That you will walk with me the last day that we are here."

"Certainly."

And here Miss Ludlow, shivering under her scarlet shawl, came in, and alighted in a mass of splendid autumn colors down before the full blaze of the sea coal, and sent out her own fiery sparkles of talk and tint.

Catching the gentleman's gaze, she said,

"We are a pretty contrast—aren't we, the Vaux and the Ludlow? I sha'n't call *myself* names; but Salina always suggests those rare white lilies, dotted, pard-like, in purple near their hearts. I found out their soft sounding title the other day—Lancefolium! Isn't it pretty?" And she looked at Salina all the time.

Miss Vaux lifted her arm, and broke out a perfect crimson dahlia from the bouquet that adorned the mantle, and dropped it softly down upon the splendid Ludlow, saying,

"This is a duchess, you know, and belongs to you: so I pelt you with the compliment." And with the emblem in her bosom, the duchess led the way to breakfast.

It was the *last* day; in the morning they would part from the scene of their summer solstice.

Carlisle was drawing on his gloves, looking grave, almost sad you would have said, as he waited for Miss Vaux. She came down the colonnade clad in her mystical color—lilac; but warmed up by a bright shawl, and with a bunch of scarlet verbenas burning on her bosom. They turned off toward the bath road, as most persons do, and met Miss Ludlow and Mr. Reese sauntering home. Miss Ludlow had one of those strange lilies in her hand—Lancefolium. She stopped, and insisted upon its having a place with the verbena, and herself fastened it in, to Selina's laughing amusement.

"I got it for you—the only one in Thorn's conservatory," she said, as she left them.

Talking, or lost in their own thoughts, Carlisle and Miss Vaux found themselves just above the "Forty Steps." A little color came into her face; a little start betrayed her mind. The gentleman remembered too his blunder, and for a moment was disturbed; but Miss Vaux restored the ease by a strange proposition, perhaps, but like her simple courage:

"Let us sit down here." He turned quietly.

"Will you sit upon the last step with me, Miss Vaux?" Only a moment's hesitation—"Yes!" He helped her down, "as in a dream." What was his dream? Hear. "I have neither wealth, nor beauty, nor any great position to offer her. I am but a simple-mannered gentleman, with only a comfortable fortune; but I love her. Perhaps this will seem enough to her!" And thus he told his dream on that prophetic spot, and it proved more than enough to her.

For the first time she knew that the first complete love of her life had come; so insidious and soft had been its approaches that she did not know the modest, tender guest, until "unto this last."

Before she told him this she told him another story of "The Forty Steps," of that half relationship with which she had striven to ease her heart. "You can understand now," she ended, "how your defense in the drawing-room that day touched and softened me." She took the white lily sadly from her bosom, looking into its hoar-frosted centre.

"I am not like this now, Mr. Carlisle; the world has touched me: but such as it is—" He took the lily and the hand:

"Hush, dear, you are finer than this. The hoar-frost round your heart has melted away."

The soft gray day, the rhythmic roar of the surf, like a grand cathedral chant, the bowed head, and the slender profile, brought back to him a certain Sabbath morn. Half-unconsciously, he said, "as in a dream," "O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world!" "Grant us thy peace!" she answered, and, turning a radiant face to him, said, "The prayer is granted;" and as on that Sabbath morn, home, through green lanes and by-paths, they took their way. He had the lily in his hand; on the "special finger" of *her* hand a ring he had always worn before, a curious ring of braided gold and chrysoprase.

Miss Ludlow was pacing the piazza as they came up. Her eye caught the flower, and next the soft sparkle of the chrysoprase.

Hard, and worldly, and wayward as she seemed, there was a tender spot in her heart—and she loved Salina Vaux. Wiser than her day and generation, she appreciated and approved Mr. Carlisle.

The lily and the ring—she read the whole story, and, going straight up to Miss Vaux, for the first time in their acquaintance, bent her lips to hers. "I only anticipated it, you know," she said, smiling, as she gave her hand to Mr. Carlisle; but the next moment exclaimed,

"What have you been doing to the Lancefolium? All that pretty glitter like hoar-frost has melted away!"

Sure enough, and into the heart a rosy stain was flushing, as if the pard-like spots of purple had oozed their life-blood there.

"Isn't it strange?" Miss Ludlow pondered aloud; "it must be the warmth of your hand!"

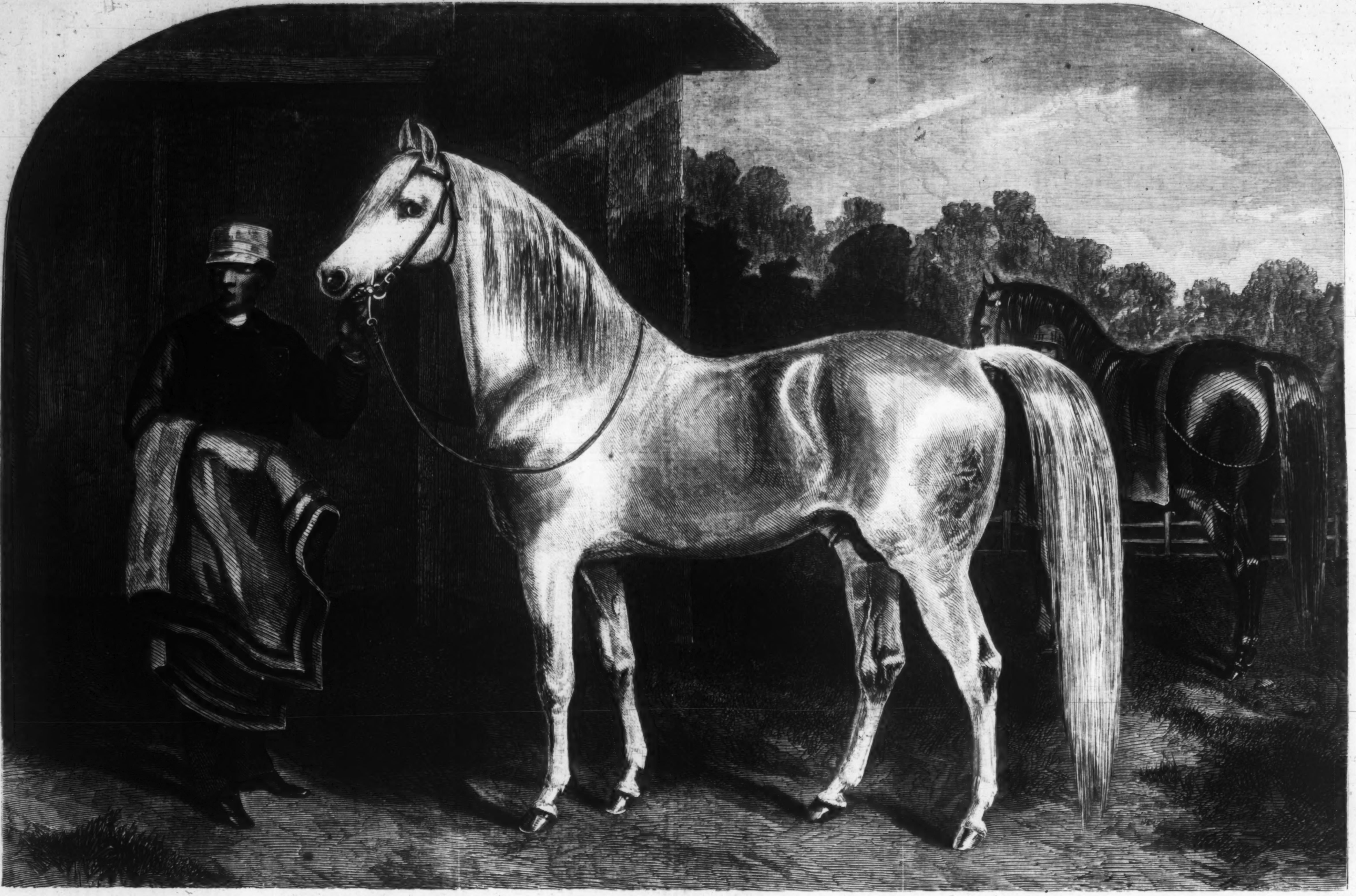
Lloyd Carlisle looked, with a certain tender gravity, into the dear hazel eyes that were raised earnestly to his.

"Isn't it strange?" she went on; "but I like it better so."

"I like it better so, Miss Ludlow."

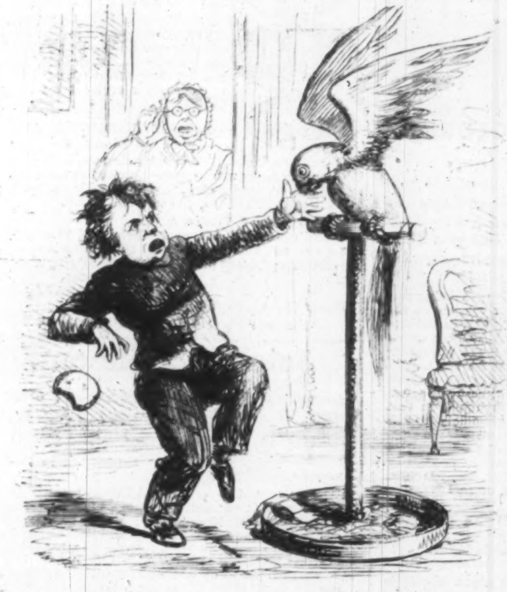
And Miss Ludlow, following his eyes, saw the soft rose tint that flushed the flower's heart stealing across the cold, white coloring of Salina Vaux. The glitter of hoar-frost had melted away.

"O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world—grant us thy peace!"

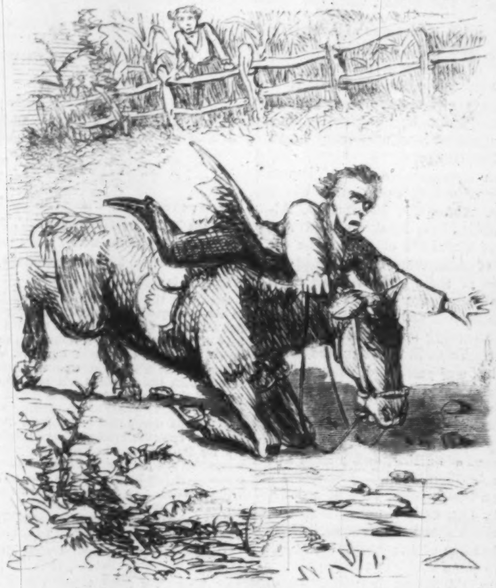


OUR HORSE-SHOW.—THE ARAB HORSE, CALIF OF CAIRO, THE PROPERTY OF JUDGE JONES.—DRAWN BY T. C. CARPENDALE.—[SEE PAGE 814.]

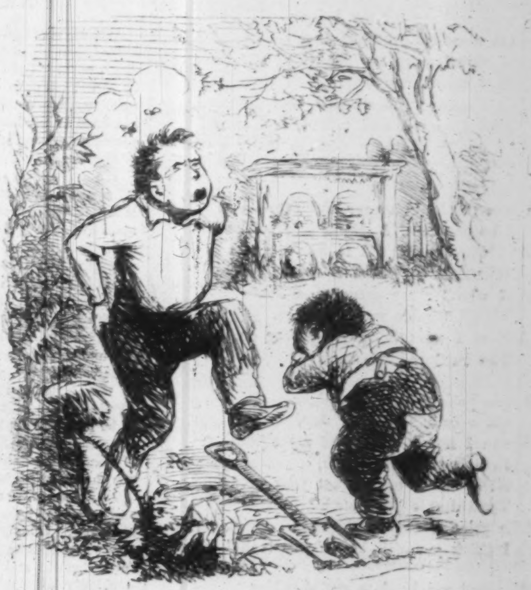
A COURSE OF NATURAL HISTORY.



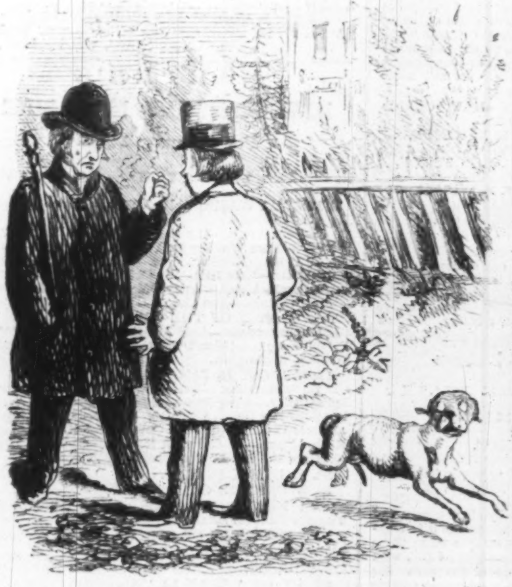
1. THE PARROT.—The Parrot is frequently seen domesticated in this country, where its pleasing manners and gentle disposition render it a great favorite, etc., etc.



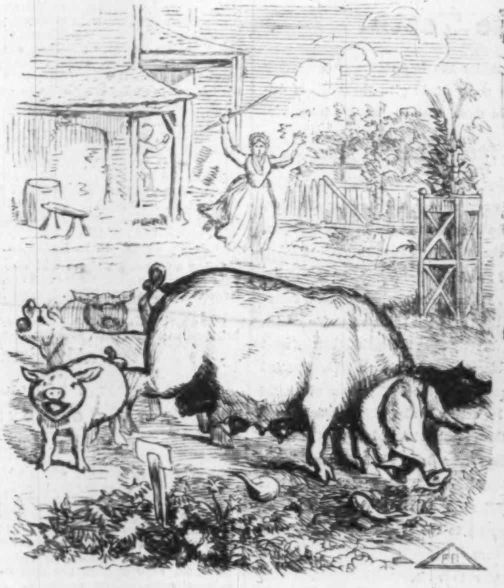
2. THE HORSE.—Of all quadrupeds the horse is the most beautiful; his noble size, the glossy smoothness of his skin, the graceful ease of his motion as he carries his master bounding over hill and dale, etc., etc.



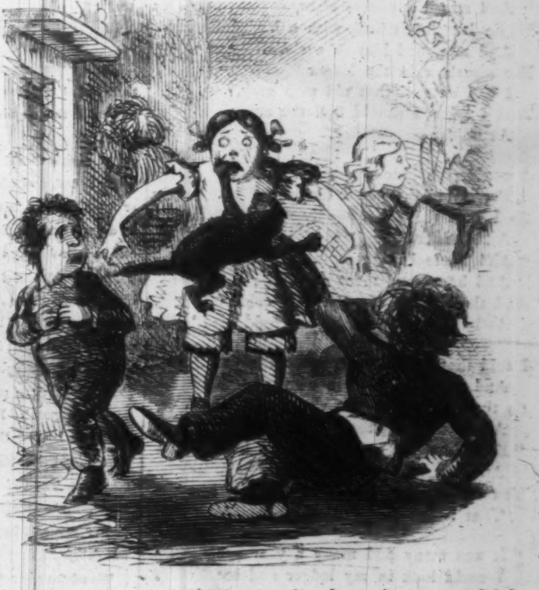
3. THE BEE.—This interesting little insect deserves the greatest gratitude of all men and little children; for not only does it supply us with the sweet honey which gives such a relish to the evening meal, but also sets us a beautiful example of industry and peacefulness, etc., etc.



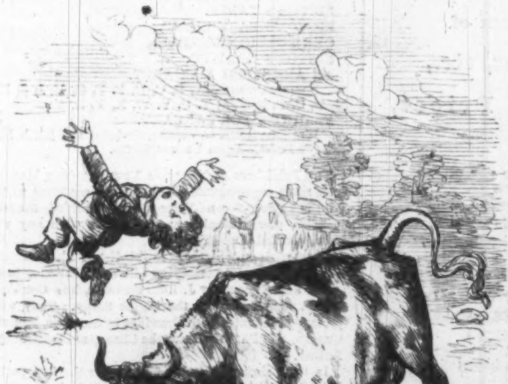
4. THE DOG.—The Dog is the most intelligent of all known quadrupeds, and the acknowledged friend of man. Faithful and courageous, he will die in the defense of his master, or tear limb from limb the presumptuous aggressor, etc., etc.



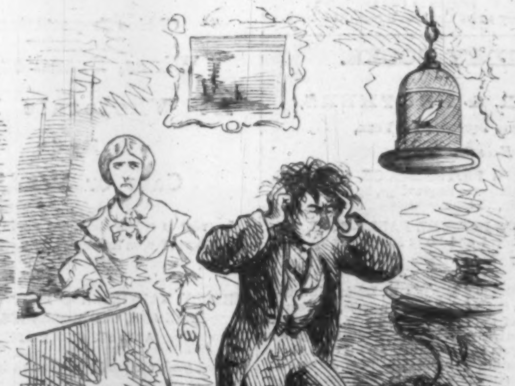
5. THE HOG.—This valuable domestic animal is one of the greatest blessings to man, etc., etc.



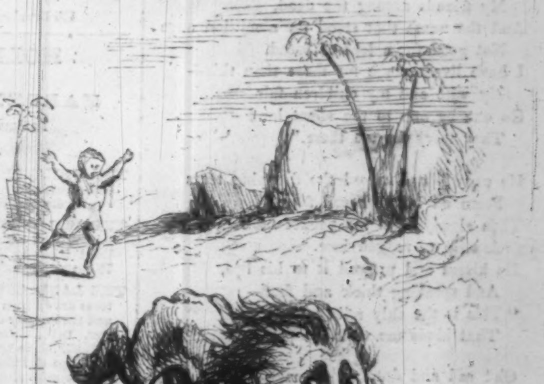
6. THE CAT.—Of all animals, there is none which imparts to the domestic fireside such an air of peaceful contentment and tranquillity as the cat; gentle and graceful, it is at once the companion of youth and the admiration of old age, etc., etc.



7. THE COW.—This is the most gentle and forbearing of all animals, and at the same time one of the most valuable friends to man, etc., etc.



8. THE CANARY.—This pretty little songster is a universal favorite in parlor or cottage; its sweet warblings are always welcome and admired, etc., etc.



9. THE LION.—Numberless accounts prove that the lion is noble in his revenge, magnanimous in his courage, and grateful for benefits received. Bold and daring to a fault, he, etc., etc.

THE BATTLE OF THE STORE.

I WAS poring over my ledger
On a cold November day,
And counting up my profits
In a calculating way.
How I strove, and worried, and dreamed,
And dreamed, and talked, and swore,
As I fought the fight through many a year—
The battle of the store.

I was thinking it over and over—
The per cent. I should lose on Brown,
And whether I'd sell to Smith again
Whenever he came to town;
And whether my draught on Jones
Would trouble me any more.
And so I went fighting, fighting on,
The battle of the store.

I was poring over my ledger
On a cold November day,
When I heard a voice at my elbow,
In a supplicating way:
"Will you let me entreat your notice
Toward this little book?
The price is only a shilling;
I think you will buy if you look."

I turned my head to my shoulder,
To a figure gaunt and gray,
Whose coat was shabby, and very thin
For this cold November day.
He had every look about him
Of a room in a dirty street,
With a smoky fire in it,
And never enough to eat.

He stood at my elbow humbly,
And stared a vacant stare,
While I took his book with a business smile,
And motioned him to a chair.
For somehow in the ledger
I had entered that old man gray,
And I knew I should find the entry
At no far distant day.

I would give him a touch of nature,
Forgetting the god I obeyed;
So I gave the fire a goodly stir,
And I asked him, "How is trade?"
"Ah! trade is very, very low,
And bread and meat are high;
And the weather is very, very cold—
And do you not wish you could die?"

I said that I thought I was willing to live
And struggle on for a while;
So the old man said it was very well,
And smiled a ghostly smile.
"But when you have lived as I have lived,
And lost as I have lost,
You will wish for death as the only rest
That is left for the tempest-tossed.

"It was many and many a year ago,
I could look in my ledger and see
The names of my debtors in every land,
And my ships on every sea.
I sat and counted the loss and gain
As 'tis counted to-day by you,
And I looked on my God and my love of truth
In a business point of view.

"I have seen my dream of gold dispelled,
My friends among the dead,
And the name that stood for a million once
Not good for a loaf of bread.
I have lived to see far more than this—
My wife and my children fair
Go one by one to the silent land—
They tarry for me there."

He ceased, and wiped the dropping tears
From off his withered face,
Then slowly from his pocket took
A strip of ragged lace.
He kissed and pressed it to his lips,
And speaking thick and fast—
"This is the only relic left
That binds me with the past."

Oh! sad and desolate old man—
Thou type of all thy race—
Like thee, they cling unto the past
By bits of ragged lace.
Like thee, they pace the dreary round
Of pleasure or of pain;
Like thee, they dwell upon a life
They would not live again.

Good-night, thou man of many woes!
Come not again to me,
For I have debts in every land,
And ships on every sea.
And I have wife and children fair;
My friends are not yet dead;
But still I'll close my ledger up,
And think on what you've said.

OUR HORSE-SHOW.—THE ARAB HORSE.

WE continue our series of pictures of American horses, cattle, sheep, and other animals with the Arab horse "Calif" of Cairo, whose portrait will be found on page 812. The Arabian's superior qualifications of beauty and temper place him at the head of our horses, and to him originally, with very few exceptions, we trace almost every breed of horses in the United States.

We have now an innumerable list of horses of assumed variety of breed, comprising Black Hawks, Messengers, Abdallahs, Membrinos, Almacks, Eclipse, Bellfounders, Morgans, and Andrew Jacksons, all of whom are claimed to be the patriarchal breeds of American horses; but by careful investigation of their pedigrees we shall invariably find the name of "Bashaw," distinguishing at once the Arab blood to which they are indebted for their surpassing speed and beauty.

The subject of our present illustration, the beautiful "Calif" of Cairo, was presented, when a foal, to the United States Consul for Egypt by Abbas Pasha, as the best specimen of the Arabian horse to be found in that country. He is a beautiful silver-gray, with silky mane and tail, legs and feet of remarkable delicacy of outline, and a head and eye that stamps the Arabian blood.

He is about fifteen hands high, kind as a dove, and immensely fast; but, as is usual with Arabs, has never evinced much speed as a trotter. Upon this ground alone do some of our horsemen object to the breed; and in some districts the Arabian is decidedly unpopular. A slight investigation of the pedigree of all our best horses will show how unfounded is this prejudice.

Calif is at present in Philadelphia, at the stable of his owner, the Hon. Judge Jones, of that city. Our drawing is from life, representing him as he appeared at the Eclipse Fair, Centreville Course, Long Island.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Teeth.

How few people consider the importance of preserving their teeth! and how many would give thousands of dollars could they regain them after the loss has become irreparable.

The mouth should always be thoroughly cleansed before going to bed, and after each meal, especially after eating or drinking what is sweet or sour, as the action of either, in connection with the secretions of the mouth, act upon, and in time destroy the enamel of the teeth.

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We advise our readers to try it.

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No Soot; No Smoke.

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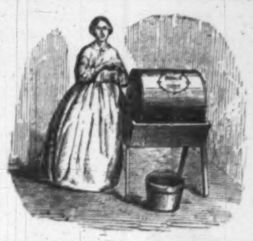

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